THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

JANUARY, 1809.

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Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of the Liboya seizing a Tiger.
II, Ruffes and Reeves, an Engraving.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; MAYNARD, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE future Favours of our Correspondent BRITANNICUS will be very acceptable.

A few imperfect sentences of the new Play appear in page 180—A correct Extract will be given in our next Number.

In the Article respecting the late Mr. Meynell, in page 182, it was, by mistake, stated in a part of the Impression, that he was in the 81st year of his age; but if that Gentleman was born in 1735, he could not be more than in his 74th year.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured, that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1809.

THE LIBOYA SEIZING A TIGER.

AN Engraving of the Liboya and Tiger will probably remind many gentlemen of the large picture which Mr. Ward exhibited about two years ago at the British Institution, of this serpent seizing a man on horseback, and which, we understand, he could have sold many times over, had he painted it on a smaller scale; but from its extreme size (the animals being as large as life) it was only in a very large room or gallery it could be placed. To this objection we are, perhaps, indebted, for his picture of the Liboya and Tiger, which is on a much smaller scale; and the subject might probably be suggested to Mr. Ward, by the following interesting account of this serpent devouring a tiger, which is related by Martyn, in his Dictionary of Natural History, when describing the Liboya.—After a variety of information, the writer proceeds to state—

" The next morning, having assembled to the number of more than a hundred, we had the pleasure, if I dare call it so, of finding our enemy still at his old post; he seemed very fierce and hungry, and we soon had an opportunity of perceiving the amazing effects. There is a great plenty of tigers in this country, and one of a prodigious size, being not much less than a common heifer, now came under our serpent's tree: instantly we heard a dreadful rustling, and, swift as thought, the serpent dropped upon it, seizing it across the back, a little below the shoulders, with its horrible mouth, and taking in a piece of the back, bigger than a man's head. The creature roared with agony, and, to our unspeakable terror, was running with its enemy towards us: its course, however, was soon stopped, for the nimble adversary, winding its body three or four times round the tiger, girt it so violently, that it fell down in an agony. The moment the serpent had fixed its folds, it let go the back of its prey, and raising and twining round the head of the tiger, opened its mouth to the full extent, and seized the whole face of the animal, biting and grinding it in a most horrid manner, and at once choaking and tearing the creature to pieces. The tiger, on this, reared up again, and words are too poor to paint its agony; it writhed and tossed about, but all in vain; the enemy, wherever it was, was still with it, and its hollow roaring within the destroyer's mouth, was dreadful beyond expression.

" The tiger was a very strong and fierce creature, and though unable to get rid of its cruel enemy, gave it prodigious trouble. A hundred times would it rear up and run a little way, but soon fell down again, partly oppressed by the weight, and partly by the folds

 and

and wreathed twists of the serpent round its body. But though the tiger fell, it was far from being entirely conquered, or at all manageable. After some hours it seemed much spent, and lay as if dead, when the serpent, which had many times violently girded itself round the tiger, vainly attempting to break its bones, now quitted its hold, twisting its tail only around the neck of its prey, which was in no condition either to resist or escape; it made towards the tree, dragging with some difficulty its victim after it.

"Having by degrees dragged the tiger to the tree, and the animal being unable to stand, the serpent seized it lightly a second time by the back, and set it on its legs against the trunk of a tree, then winding its body round the tiger and the tree together several times, it girded both with such violence, that the ribs and other bones began to give way, and by repeated efforts of this kind, it broke all the ribs, one by one, each of which gave a loud crack in breaking. It next attempted the legs, and broke them severally in the same manner, each in four or five different places; this employed many hours, during all which time the poor tiger remained alive, and at every crack of the bones gave a howl, not very loud, but piteous enough to pierce the most obdurate heart, and make even man forget his natural antipathy to the tiger, and pity its misery. After the legs, the serpent attacked the skull in the same manner; but this proved so difficult a task, that the monster, overcome with fatigue, and seeing its prey in no condition to escape, left it for the night at the foot of the tree, into which itself retired to rest.

"In the morning, on returning to the thicket, we beheld a most surprising change: the body of the tiger, which now seemed one red lump of shapeless matter, was dragged to some distance from the tree, and shone all over as if covered with glue or jelly. We soon plainly discovered the meaning of all this, the serpent being still employed in producing that appearance. It had laid the legs, one by one, close to the body, and was now placing the head straight before, licking the body, and covering it with its slaver, which coated it over like a jelly, and rendered it fit for swallowing. Much time was employed in the business; but at length the serpent, having prepared the whole to its mind, drew up before its prey, and seizing the head, began to suck that, and afterwards the body, down into its throat. This was the work of so much time, that I left the monster struggling at the shoulders, when I went home to dinner, and by the account of those who staid to watch, it was night before the whole was fairly swallowed.

"The following day we assembled for the last time, when the very women and children followed, convinced, that as it had gorged its prey there was then no danger. I was by no means satisfied of this till I reached the place, but then I found it very true; the serpent had so loaded its belly, that it could neither fight nor retreat. It attempted, on our approach, to reclimb the tree, but being unable, was soon dispatched, by striking it on the head with large clubs: we then measured it, and its length was thirty-three feet four inches, and as thick as a slender man's waist. Being immediately cut up, its flesh appeared whiter than veal, and from the report of those who ate it, was far more delicious than any flesh they had ever before tasted.

HAMP-

HAMPSHIRE BACKSWORD PLAYERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

PASSING, some time since, through Ropley Dean, Hants, my attention being attracted by a crowd of rustics on a little green near the road, I turned my horse thither, and arrived in the time when a lame elderly man, who I afterwards found was the Knight Marshal of the field, from the middle of a ring made by ropes, proclaimed, that "a hat worth one guinea was to be played for at backsword; the breaker of most heats to bear away the hat and honour;" and inviting the youth there to contend for. A little after, a young fellow threw his hat into the ring, and followed, when the lame umpire called out "A challenge," and proceeded to equip the challenger for the game. His coat and waistcoat were taken off, his left hand tied by a handkerchief to his left thigh, and a stick, with basket hilt, put into his hand; he then walked round the ring till a second hat was thrown in, and the umpire called out, "The challenge is answered."

As soon as prepared, the Knights met, measured weapons, shook hands, and walking once round, turned and began the contest. In about a minute, the umpire called out "*A bout*," when they dropped the points of their weapons and walked round, and this calling, I observed, was repeated, as often as the umpire judged either distressed. After some twenty minutes play, some blood trickled down the challenger's head: the umpire called "*Blood*," and declared the other to have won a head.

When both left the ring, another hat was thrown in, and the challenge again accepted, and played off in the like manner, till the umpire announced there were four winners of heads, and proceeded to call the *ties*; that is, he called on the winners of the first two heads to play together, and afterwards on the winners of the third and fourth heads; after which the winners of two heads each played for the hat, and the proud victor, (Morgan) thus to earn it, broke three heads.

I was much struck with the amazing temper with which the game was played: not a particle of ill-will was shewn. Two young fellows, who played together forty-five minutes, and in the course of it gave each other many severe blows, one alone of which would have satisfied the most unconscionable tailor or man-milliner breathing, drank frequently together between the bouts, shaking hands as often as the weight of the blows given seemed to require it of their good-nature. Indeed it appeared to be a rule with each pair that played to drink together after the contest, and a general spirit of harmony seemed to prevail.

This game is certainly of great antiquity, and the only relic (with the exception of wrestling) of the ancient tournament. The Knight defied with throwing down his hat or gauntlet—the rustic *gamester* does the same, and is equally courteous with the Knight towards his opponent: nor were, in this instance, village dames or damsels wanting, to animate the prowess of the youth.

It has been asserted, that these exhibitions engender a ferocious spirit;

spirit; but were I to judge from what I saw, and from the enquiries I made into the characters of the players at Ropley Dean, from the farmers on my right and left, I should pronounce quite the contrary; and think that as long as the sword is used by our cavalry and navy, and as long as we wish to entertain in the nation a fearless, generous, martial spirit, we should encourage the like *pastimes* at our fairs and revels.

I am, Sir, &c.

BRITANNICUS.

DISPUTES

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

THE Court Martial instituted last month, by desire of Captain J. C. Rigby, of the Royal East-London Militia, against Quarter-Master Burling, of the same Regiment, on four charges, has terminated in the acquittal of Quarter-Master Burling, and the dismissal of Captain Rigby from the same regiment, by command of his Majesty.

We are in possession of no information on this subject, more than is literally expressed in the article itself. Captain Rigby going *to the right about*, reminds us of a former Court-Martial, held on the Colonel of one of the regiments of London Militia, who was acquitted; and some of his Officers, who were very busy in the prosecution, were, like Captain Rigby, dismissed the service by his Majesty's command. The Officers who sat on the Court-Martial were chiefly Commanding Officers of Militia Corps, and who, most likely, might think it advisable, that his Majesty should teach the inferior, not to be so ready in preferring charges against their Commanding Officers.

Yet, be that as it may, we do not feel in any degree surprised at the small wranglings which occur in the two regiments of London Militia, as the Officers are principally chosen from the rear of shop counters, warehouses of gunpowder tea, and magazines of stuff!—From these useful and respectable scenes of trade and commerce, they are suddenly metamorphosed by the wand of necromantic power, into scarlet warriors,

> "To cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war."

And, although not duly initiated in the School of Mars, will gallantly undertake the heavy duty of marching and counter-marching, "from Ealing to Brentford, and Brentford to Ealing," without a sentiment of regret or an emotion of fear. If any doubt the verity of this declaration; let them peruse the following notice:—

"On the 25th instant, the East London Militia, Colonel Sir John Eamer, will march from Greenwich, into their City Quarters, at Bunhill-row, for the ensuing half-year. On the same day, the West London, Colonel Newnham, will leave town for Greenwich, for the same space of time."

Here is an exertion, of equal spirit and accommodation, that might put the *ci-devant* Trained Bands of London to the blush!—Sir John Eamer marches from Greenwich to Bunhill-row, notwithstanding the roads of Deptford are flooded by a thaw, and as perilous for passage as the Red Sea was to the hosts of Pharaoh; while Colonel Newnham leaves the warm precincts of Moorfields, to quarter his heroes on the bleak margin of the

the Thames! Hear this, Napoleon,

"And then to breakfast, with what appetite you may."

But, to be serious, (for this subject merits a serious consideration) the establishment of these regiments is in the very teeth of the constitutional rights of the citizens of London; and in so little estimation are they held, that the subaltern's guard, introduced at the Bank in 1780, has been furnished ever since from one of the regiments of Guards, and not, in any solitary instance, by the London Militia!

As the Officers are appointed by the Court of Lieutenancy, it sometimes happens, when there is a vacancy of a company, that the Lieutenant that has the most interest, and is qualified, will jump over the head of his senior Officer, though that unfavoured claimant was adequately meritorious. There is something radically wrong in all this.

That there are a few men of gentlemanly manners and proper military habits, in these corps, is very true; but the majority are certainly objectionable, in many respects, as Commanding Officers; and there is assuredly a manifest absurdity in assigning military duties, and giving pay to men, not educated as soldiers, and employed in a way but little corresponding with a knowledge of the military art. When we think that an Alderman of London is thus paid and thus employed, our risibility is predominant, and we cannot avoid smiling at the curvettings of poor human nature.

In the good old times of Aldermen Barnard and Beckford, we should not have had two useless regiments of Militia parading in our city, in contra-distinction to the influence of the civil power, upon which the glory and security of our civic privileges must repose.—But we are, unhappily, becoming so very courtly, and so very civil, that we seem disposed to surrender our rights at the requisition of a Minister, with as little ceremony and remorse, as they transfer *Scrip* at the Stock Exchange!

A General Court-Martial from the Line, assembled at Brighton this month, for the trial of Capt. Weston, of the 3d Dragoon Guards, on charges preferred against him, for disobedience of orders, by Lieut-Col. Sir Granby Calcraft, commanding that regiment. Lieut.-Col. Burton, of the Royal Artillery, is President, and the Members are composed of Officers, from the 4th Dragoons, 2d battalion of the 8th Foot, 2d battalion of the 35th, and Royal Artillery.

When we know the result of this Court-Martial, it shall be communicated to our readers, with such observations as may occur to us thereon. W.

CRIM. CON.

SHERIFF'S COURT, JANUARY 20.

Best *v.* Henry.

THE plaintiff in this case married the daughter of Lord Aldborough, now known by the name of Lady Emily Best. Mr. Best's affairs had become embarrassed, and he had been under the necessity of taking up his residence in the King's Bench Prison, during which period his wife eloped with the defendant. The damages were laid at 20,000*l.* and, as judgment had gone

gone by default, there was no occasion to call any evidence to prove the criminal intercourse. In mitigation of damages it was insinuated that Mr. Best and his wife had not apparently lived on the most affectionate terms.—The Jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages, 2,000*l.*

Mr. Best is the Gentleman who shot Lord Camelford.—Mr. Henry is the eldest son of the late Hugh Henry, Esq. of Lodge Park, in the County of Kildare.

CONSISTORY COURT, DOCTORS' COMMONS, JAN. 25.

Gregson *v.* Gregson.

This was a proceeding, or cause of divorce or separation from bed, board, and mutual cohabitation, instituted by Jesse Gregson, Esq. against Grace Gregson, his wife, by reason of adultery. In this case two allegations were produced on the part of the husband; the one pleading the facts of a criminal connexion passing between his wife and Thomas Theaker, his coachman, and the other pleading that of a criminal intercourse passing between Mrs. Gregson and John M'Taggart, Esq. for which two actions had been brought by Mr. Gregson against the parties in the Common Law Courts, and two verdicts of damages obtained. The circumstances respecting the facts of adultery being so fully stated to the public, it is not necessary to state them again. — The learned Judge (Sir William Scott) after hearing the evidence read, and the advocates on both sides, was clearly of opinion that the fact of adultery was satisfactorily proved, and that Mr. Gregson was entitled to the remedy he prayed, and accordingly pronounced for the same.

PISCATORY AMOUR.

A very *pretty Gentleman*, who had acquired the nick-name of "the *Emperor*," and who during his short reign was of equal celebrity with his brother Napoleon, has, like him, of late been detected in making too free with the *property* of his *neighbour*. The fact is, that the chief of the *Doodle Doo's*, conceiving he had a *Noodle* to do with in the person of a *fishmonger*, commenced an intrigue with his *chubby* wife, and we are sorry to learn, for the cause of morality, that the *seducer* but too well succeeded. The injured Fishmonger, receiving intimation of his disgrace, was resolved to obtain personal satisfaction, and to that end laid a *bait* so dexterously for the *Imperial Gudgeon*, that he was immediately *caught*. The enraged *Jonas*, having the *Royal Poacher* completely in his power, seized him by the *gills*, and gave him such *dabs* in the face as he had never received before. His *mock* Majesty cried out for quarter in good *earnest*, and promised never to *act* so base a *part* again, in case he was permitted to escape with whole *bones*. In this *stage* of the business a mob collected to witness the scene, which closed with the liberation of the *seducer*.

We understand the *curtain* will not *drop* here on the affair, but is to be submitted to the decision of the *box critics* of Westminster Hall. The *Fishmonger* has retained *Serjeant Cockle* as his Counsel.

ALPHA.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1808.

Years old. GOT BY ACASIA. *No. of Prizes.*

a. PAULINA, Mr. Fieldes', 100gs. at Doncaster 1

BY AGONISTES.

3 Bumtrap, Mr. Gascoigne's, 120gs. at Beverley 1
3 Whitworth, Mr. Shaftoe's, 60gs. at Catterick, 70gs. at Durham, and 70gs. at Doncaster.................................. 3

BY AIMATOR.

6 Curricle (late Aylesby) Mr. F. Craven's, 50gs. at Newbury...... 1

BY ALEXANDER.

6 Bay Gelding, Mr. C. Mainwaring's, 75gs. at Burton; Mr. Cholmondeley's, 50gs. and a Stakes at Holywell 3
3 Berenice, Lord Wilton's, 70l. at Newton, and 55gs. at Knutsford.. 2
6 Bucephalus, Mr. Trevanion's, the Silver Cup, value 130gs. at Goodwood; 65gs. at Maddington; the King's Plate at Winchester; 80gs. and 50l. at Salisbury; 50gs. and 20l. at Blandford; the Cup, value 100gs. and 80gs. at Southampton; also 65gs. at Kingscote..10
3 Cowslip, Sir T. Stanley's, 50l. at Shrewsbury; and 50gs. at Stafford 2
5 Julius Cæsar, Sir W. Gerard's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Newton; the Union Cup, value 100gs. with 190gs. in specie, at Preston; and 83l. at Pontefract............ 3

BY ALFRED.

4 Acton, Mr. Prattenton's, 65l. 15s. and 100gs. at Worcester 2

BY AMBROSIO.

3 Ches. Filly, (dam by Don Quixote) Mr. Worrall's, 50l. at Exeter.. 1
5 Jewess, Mr. Hallett's, 65gs. and 50gs. at Bibury; also 100gs. at Abingdon.. 3
6 Mousetrap, Mr. Price's, 70gs. at Oswestry; Mr. H. W. Wynne's, 65gs. at Wrexham; and 60gs. at Holywell 3
4 Rosario, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Maddington; 50gs. and 50l. at Bibury; Sir J. Hawkins's, 75gs. and 60gs. at Stockbridge; 50l. at Winchester; and 170gs. at Kingscote 7

BY ARCHDUKE.

5 Archduchess, Mr. Wetherburn's, 50gs. at Hexham 1
4 Br. Bay Colt, (out of Beningbrough's Sister) Lord Darlington's, 125gs. at York Spring Meeting; 425gs. and one of the Subscription Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at York August Meeting.......... 3
4 Spitfire, Mr. Ridley's, 80gs. at Newcastle 1

BY ASPARAGUS.

3 Rifleman, General Grosvenor's, 100gs. twice 50gs. 100gs. and 150 gs. at Newmarket.. 5

Years old. BY BENINGBROUGH. *No of Prizes.*

3 Bay Filly, (out of Daffodil) Lord Montgomerie's, 240gs. the Gold Cup, value 140gs. 40gs. and 50gs. at Ayr 4

4 Belinda, Lord Grey's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 80gs. in specie, at Leicester; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Stafford.................................... 2

4 Cecilia, Mr. Benson's, 50l. at Manchester; 50l. at Bridgenorth; and 50l. at Ludlow 3

4 Chance, Mr. Cooke's, 50l. at Nottingham.................... 1

5 Delville, Sir J. Honywood's, 200gs. at Newmarket; and 50gs. at Canterbury 2

8 Felton, Mr. Shakell's, the King's Plate at Ascot................ 1

5 Fortuna, Mr. Collinson's, 50l. at Newcastle, and the King's Plate at Edinburgh; Sir J. L. Johnstone's, twice 50l. at Ayr.......... 4

4 Gammon, Mr. Trevanion's, 75gs. and 130gs. at Maddington...... 2

4 Gustavus, Lord Grey's, 140gs. at Chester; 10l. at Bridgenorth; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 30gs. in specie, at Nottingham; 80gs. at Derby; 60gs. at Litchfield; and 210gs. at Holywell 6

4 Hylas, Mr. Garforth's, 80gs. at Malton; Lord Lowther's, 200gs. and 25gs. at Newmarket.................................. 3

4 Margaret, Mr. Wentworth's, 110gs. at Malton; and 100gs. at Catterick 2

4 May, General Grosvenor's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket...... 2

4 Phlebotomist, Mr. Smith's, twice 50l. at Nantwich 2

3 Red-Rose, Mr. Hurst's, twice 50l. at Swansea 2

5 Rosette, Mr. H. Peirse's, two of the Subscription Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. each, at York August Meeting; and the Gold Cup at Richmond 3

4 Scud, Lord Monson's, 1200gs. and 100l. at York August Meeting; 200gs. and 100gs. at Doncaster 4

5 Thorn, Sir C. Turner's, 400gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Andrew's, 100gs. at Newmarket; the King's Plate at Nottingham; and 50l. at Derby.................................. 5

4 White-Rose, Lord C. H. Somerset's, 100gs. twice 50gs. and 25gs. at Bibury; the Gold Cup at Blandford; also 90gs. and 50l. at Exeter 7

BY BOASTER.

3 Gift, Mr. William's, 50l. and 25l. at Chelmsford; and 50l. at Huntingdon.. 3

BY A BROTHER TO REPEATOR.

4 Momentilla, Mr. Vansittart's, 80gs. 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket .... [illegible]

BY BUMPER.

5 Bay Horse, Mr. Thomson's, 50gs. at the Caledonian Hunt 1

BY BUSTARD.

3 Howroyde, Colonel Horton's, 70l. at Durham; 100gs. at Newcastle; and 40gs. at Doncaster 3

BY

Years old.	BY BUZZARD.	*No. of Prizes.*
5	Blowing, Lord Foley's, 200gs. at Newmarket	1
7	Brainworm, Lord Lowther's, 50gs. 10gs. 200gs. 10gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket	5
5	Bronze, Mr. Goddard's, 250gs. at Kingscote; and 50l. at Chippenham	2
7	Bustard, Lord Sackville's, 100gs. 200gs. and 600gs. at Newmarket	3
5	Buzzard, Mr. Addy's, 50l. at Stamford	1
3	Ches. Colt, (Brother to Bustard) Lord Stawell's, 50gs. at Newmarket	1
6	Currycomb, Mr. Vansittart's, 40gs. 50gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket	3
5	Deceiver, Lord Stawell's, the Craven Stakes of 150gs. 50l. and 100 gs. at Newmarket; Lord Sackville's, twice 100gs, 50gs. and twice 200gs. at Newmarket	8
8	Dreadnought, Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 100gs. 50gs. and 25gs. at Newmarket	3
3	Fanny, Sir J. Shelley's, 400gs. 100gs. 200gs. 80l. and 100gs. at Newmarket	5
4	Gladiator, Mr. Batson's, 10gs. at Newmarket; also 60gs. and 50l. at Ascot	3
4	Hawk, Sir J. Honywood's, 38l. 10s. being second for the first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes at Newmarket; 50l. at Ascot; and 80gs. at Canterbury; Mr. J. Croft's, 100gs. and 50l. at Lewes......	5
3	Jamaica, Mr. Kellermann's, 50gs. at Newmarket..............	1
3	John O'Gaunt, General Grosvenor's, 50gs. 100gs. 15gs. 50gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket	6
5	Merrymaid, Mr. Golding's, 50l. at Huntingdon; 50l. at Northampton; and 50l. at Bedford	3
4	Ralphina, Mr. Panton's, 100gs. at Newmarket	1
3	Rubens, Lord Darlington's, the Pavilion Stakes of 1050gs. and 100 gs. at Brighton; 200gs. at Lewes; and twice 100gs. at Newmarket	5
6	Selim, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 200gs. at Newmarket................	1
5	Superstition, General Grosvenor's, 80gs. at Nottingham..........	1
5	Vanity, Duke of Grafton's, twice 50gs. 50l. and 50gs. at Newmarket	4
6	Wild-Oats, Mr. Hurst's, 60gs. and 50l. at Cardiff	3
	BY CHANTICLEER.	
4	Bob Booty, Mr. Daly's, the King's Plates at Warwick and Litchfield	2
	BY CHAUNTER.	
3	Maid of Dunham, Mr. Turner's, 50l. at Tenbury..............	1
	BY CLOWN.	
a.	Bay Gelding, Mr. Brown's, a Handicap Stakes at Burton Hunt....	1
	BY CONSTITUTION.	
8	Doubtful, Mr. Faulkner's, 50gs. at Leicester	1
	BY CORIANDER.	
3	Anna, Mr. Cave Browne's, 100gs. at Leicester	1
a.	Bay Gelding, Mr. Hearn's, 76l. at Chelmsford..................	1

X 2 3 Crabs,

Years old. *No. of Prizes.*

3 Crabs, Mr. Trevanion's, 50l. at Salisbury 1
3 Pennyroyal, Duke of Grafton's, twice 25gs. at Newmarket 2
3 Renishaw, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 100gs. at Newmarket............ 1

BY DAPPLE.

3 Fairy, Mr. Fernyhough's, 81l. 10s. at Stafford 1

BY DELPINI.

3 Bay Filly, Mr. Watt's, 100gs. at Malton; Mr. J. Richardson's, 50l. at Lincoln.. 2
3 Bradbury, Mr. Mellish's, 400gs. at Newmarket................ 1
6 Grimaldi, Mr. Goulburn's, 500gs. at York; 310gs. at Bibury; 50l. and 80gs. at Hereford; 140gs. at Leicester; and 50gs. at Kingscote 6
3 Meritrix, Mr. Boswell's, 80gs. at Irvine 1
5 Nostell, Mr. Watt's, a Handicap Stakes at Beverley 1
6 Sir Launcelot, Mr. Fenwick's, 200gs. and 50l. at Canterbury; Captain Haffenden's, 50gs. at Southampton 3

BY DON QUIXOTE.

6 Artichoke, Mr. Lloyd's, 60gs. at Trè-Madock.................. 1
2 Cervantes, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 100gs. at York; 100gs. at Pontefract; and 120gs. at Doncaster 3
2 Ches. Filly, (out of Lady Cow) Mr. Payne's, twice 200gs. at Newmarket.. 2
2 Folly, Lord Foley's, 75gs. at Newmarket 1
7 Miss Coiner, Mr. Butler's, 50l. at Newbury; 50l. at Oxford; and 50l. at Warwick 3

BY DRAGON.

5 Salamander, Mr. Fellowes's, 50gs. at Exeter; twice 50l. and the Silver Cup at Bodmin.................................... 3

BY EVERGREEN.

5 Laburnum, Mr. Jones's, 55gs. at Taunton...................... 1

BY EXPECTATION.

3 Bay Colt, Mr. Peacock's, 71l. at Carlisle 1
3 Bay Filly, (Amity) Mr. Riddell's, 50l. at Newcastle 1
4 Oran, Sir J. Lawson's, 50l. at Carlisle....................... 1

BY FLYING GIB.

6 Ten-Bones, Mr. Scott's, 50l. at Blandford..................... 1

BY GEORGE.

4 Piccaroon, Mr. Lord's, 50l. at Cardiff; and 100gs. at Warwick.. 2

BY GLAUCUS.

6 Fisherman, Mr. Benson's, 60gs. at Ludlow...................... 1

BY GOHANNA.

3 Anderida, Lord Egremont's, 50gs. at Ascot; 80gs. at Brighton; and 100gs. at Lewes 3
4 Bantum, Mr. Fermor's, 135gs. and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 40gs in specie, at Ascot; Mr. F. Craven's, 50gs. at Winchester; and 50gs. at Abingdon 4

To be continued.

TIGER-

TIGER HUNTING.

From the Bombay Gazette.

THE following interesting account of the destruction of a Royal Tiger, by one of the officers of the 2d battn. 7th regt. N. I. stationed at Kiara, we have just received from a correspondent, whose favors we shall always be proud to acknowledge.

On the 15th of June, some of the officers of the corps formed a party to visit the celebrated ruins of Mahmoodabad. On approaching them, they were alarmed by a sound like the roar of a Royal Tiger. They did not, however, immediately see the animal, and proceeded towards the ruins; but, on advancing a little further, he suddenly burst upon their view in all his terrors, and sprung at them with indescribable ferocity. A precipitate retreat was the natural consequence, and one of the gentlemen, who was but indifferently mounted, perceiving that he could not depend on his horse, with the promptitude of a vigorous and decisive mind, directed his course to a tree, which he immediately ascended, with his fowling-piece in his hand. His victim thus singled, the tiger gave over the pursuit of the others, and bounded on the horse, who stood paralysed with fear at the foot of the tree. -At this crisis, the gentleman in the tree took a cool and steady aim at the savage, and wounded him, though not mortally. The tiger, feeling his wound, retreated to some distance, but almost immediately returned with increased fury. In the mean time, the officer had reloaded, and taking aim at him again while venting his fury on the miserable horse, wounded him mortally. On the first attack of the tiger, the retreat of the party was too precipitate and general to admit of individual attentions.—Each person trusted to the speed of his horse, and our hero was undesignedly left behind. But when, on rallying in a neighbouring village, his comrades perceived that he was missing, they instantly armed themselves, and returned with a large concourse of the natives to the spot. They came in sight of the tree just as the tiger had received his mortal wound. He again retreated, and was traced into a jungle, where they found him writhing in agony. On their approach, he collected his remaining strength into one final effort, and prepared to spring, but the spear of a native prevented him, and put an end to his struggles. — On measuring him, he was found to extend ten feet eight inches from the nose to the tip of the tail. — The poor horse was so mangled, that he was immediately put to death, from motives of humanity.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

Continued from page 25.

I Now began to breathe freely, and flattered myself with the pleasing hope that my disasters were entirely over, and that the harmony which would soon greet my ear would reward me for it, and make me forget the thirst that tormented me. But my parched tongue reminded me, every moment, that it would be infinitely more agreeable to drink first and hear afterwards, and I could not help thinking, that it was strange, very strange indeed! to

to be invited in a formal manner, to a royal palace, without being refreshed with a glass of wine or even water.

Ay! thought I, as I looked at my watch, if I was at my friend Thompson's now, I should be sitting with him and his amiable family at tea, in the great honeysuckle arbour.

During this monologue, I perceived that every person in the room was in motion, and a gentleman, who stood near me, jogged me with his elbow and said, "the duke! the duke!" I turned round, and perceived the duke, leading a strange lady, followed by the duchess, and a swarm of courtiers close to me. I unluckily fancied it was my duty to make a profound reverence, and stepping forward, as I am accustomed to do, when I make a bow, I almost impeded the duke's passage.

"What does the man want?" said the duchess, (who certainly took me for a beggar) in a low voice, but loud enough for me to hear. I started back with a vacant stare like a person who is disturbed in a dream. Many persons smiled, others whispered, and I returned to my seat, without knowing how I got thither. This was worse, a thousand times worse than all the rest! What malignant demon urges me to do whatever I wish to avoid to-day? sure there never was such a blundering, stupid blockhead as I am! What will the duke, what will every person in the room think of me! These were my thoughts, as I wiped away the large drops of sweat from my forehead, with a violence that made it smart.

What does the man want! sounded continually in my ear. My pride was hurt by those words, and I felt how wretchedly he acts his part, who, without intending to ask a favour, gives others reason to suppose he does; and how mortifying it is to be refused that which we never thought of requesting. I made a number of sagacious remarks on the occasion: but prudence and I were at variance at the time, and reflection always comes too late. However, the soothing sounds of the music, which was remarkably fine, and every eye fixed, not on me, as I supposed would be the case, but on the orchestra; the awful silence that reigned during a beautiful solo on the violoncello; the attention and tranquillity that the hearers' countenances expressed, which formed a striking contrast to the expressive pleasure that animated the performers' eyes and features; the elegant decorations of the room, and judicious distribution of the lights, which likewise rivetted my attention, calmed the tempest that raged in my bosom, and made me forget my last blunder, sooner than I had done my former ones.

The duke turned his head round once or twice, and I fancied he looked at me, and that his countenance expressed displeasure. My perturbed imagination immediately suggested the idea, that he was offended at the improper liberties I had taken, and the *ennué* I had occasioned him. For, at that moment, I was far from supposing that more important concerns had probably obliterated every trace of me from his mind; and that, had my manners been as polished as they were the reverse, he would have remembered them as little as he did my awkwardness. I reviewed my past conduct with shame and indignation, and could not conceive how it was possible for me to act and speak in the thoughtless,

thoughtless, stupid, and incoherent manner I had done.

Was the same opportunity to offer again, said I to myself, I am certain I should conduct myself in a very different manner. How easily could I have made a polite reply to that compliment,—given a pertinent answer to that question, —introduced this and that witty thought,—and could I not without any impropriety, have given a different turn to the conversation, which would have enabled me to introduce the ideas that I had so carefully collected in my mind, and which are now entirely lost!

These dismal reflections were sometimes interrupted by the recollection of the enjoyments that awaited me at my return to my friend Thompson, and I comforted myself with the thought, that his conversation and supper would make me amends for all my disappointments and sufferings, and I alternately listened to the music, and the heavy shower of rain that rattled against the windows. Much as I knew that rain was wanted, and heartily as I had joined with my friend in wishing for it at dinner time, yet I cannot say the sound was agreeable to me at that moment; and how I should get home was a fresh source of uneasiness to my agitated mind.

The concert was over about nine o'clock; every body left the room, and I slowly followed the crowd. Had I been lucky enough to have met with the bustling secretary, he would probably have lent me a great coat, and ushered me out of the castle. He promised to come to me again before the concert was finished; but he was too consequential a person, and had always so much of something like business on his hands, that it was impossible for him to remember what he said a quarter of an hour before, or rest quietly two minutes in the same place.

Most of the people, who left the room with me, dispersed themselves in different parts of the castle; the rest, sheltered with umbrellas, went several ways, without troubling their heads about me; and I again stood helpless and forlorn, under a portico, fronting the great gate.

The fear of spoiling my clothes made me at first determined to remain there, till the rain was over; but the wish to see my friend, and the craving in my stomach, soon made me alter my intention, and after I had buttoned my coat, and covered my best hat with my pocket handkerchief, I ran as fast as I was able across the court yard to the guard room. I am ignorant if it was my excessive speed, which I believe is something uncommon at court, or what other reason brought the last and greatest of all my misfortunes on me, but before I reached the sentry box, I heard a dog bark, and the moment after a hideous shaggy mastiff, of a monstrous size, rushed forward and jumped upon me with such impetuosity, that my feet slipped and I fell backwards. There I lay in the dirt, with the animal's two fore-paws on my breast: he barked and howled in the most frightful manner, and I trembled and roared as loud as it was possible for a person with sound lungs to roar. The sentry, instead of hastening to my assistance, hooted and burst out into a horse laugh, and I continued to scream out, help! help! for God's sake, help!

One of the soldiers called to me, and said, " don't be afraid, the dog won't bite you!" But I, far from being

being pacified by his assurances, continued to vociferate, help, help! I was at last freed from the beast's clutches, and helped up, but I was in such a tremor that I could hardly stand. I, however, hurried away as fast as I could, without stopping to thank my deliverer, or to pick up my hat. I fancied the dog was still at my heels, and, as soon as I recovered my breath, I ran as fast as I had done before, without venturing to look behind me or sideways.

What a miserable life a court life is! muttered I to myself; and I am, to be sure, the stupidest and most untoward being that ever existed; incapable of extricating myself out of the least difficulty: I believe I surely must be quite altered from my former self, and that I shall never again be what I was.

In the panic I was in, it is no wonder that I missed the way Charles Thompson brought me; and who knows how far I should have strayed if my career had not been stopped by my running against a tree. I started, looked up, and perceived myself in a lonely place, where there were only a few miserable hovels.

I hastened to the first, with the intention of desiring somebody to shew me the way to town. I saw a faint glimmering of light through the broken casement, and I gently pushed open the door, that was unlatched; but the scene that presented itself to my view, prevented my proceeding for some moments; a gentleman plainly, but genteely dressed, stood with his back towards me, before a poor old lame woman, whose hands were raised to heaven, and her eyes bathed in tears.

"God bless your honour," said she, in broken sentences, "for your goodness to me!—I must have perished for want, when my poor son James died, who maintained me and my blind daughter, if it had not been for your honour!

"I hope God Almighty will reward you, your bounty to me and her! But dear young gentleman, I am afraid you distress yourself on our account, for you have no parents, nor an independent fortune, and I know how many wants a young nobleman, who lives at court, has."

"Make yourself easy on that account, good woman," was his reply; "what I give you I can spare without any inconvenience to myself. The money I give you, I used to apply to another purpose, but now it is better employed."

"We will pray for your honour, as well as for his highness the duke, who is likewise a friend and benefactor to the poor," was the woman's reply. "God bless both you and him!"

I was so much affected that I could hardly help joining in the poor woman's ejaculation; tears started into my eyes, and I was happy to find that I was myself again.

"I am glad that I was at court," said I to myself. "How can the court help my being unacquainted with its customs; good people are to be found at court, as every where else, but their manners differ from ours. In my own sphere I believe I am tolerable, and I hope I shall never soar beyond it again."

The young man, after bidding the old woman farewell, turned round and approached the door; and you may judge of my surprise, when I perceived that he was one of

of the two gentlemen that had endeavoured to entertain me a few hours before. His voice seemed familiar to me before I saw his face, but the flurry I was in at the time, and his having changed his coat, prevented my entertaining the least idea of his being one of my former companions. He was as much surprised at finding me there, as I was at seeing him.

"This is an unexpected pleasure indeed," said he, shaking my hand: "you was called away so abruptly, that we had not time to take leave of you! but where are you going to now?"

I now told him that I had missed my way to Henningstone, and that I was in search of a guide. He immediately offered to conduct me there, and on my objecting to his doing so, he politely assured me, that I should deprive him of a pleasure, if I refused to let him go with me. "It is not our supper-time yet," said he: "the rain is over, the evening pleasant, and I assure you the satisfaction your company will afford, will amply reward me for the trouble of going a little out of my way." We went, and his entertaining conversation shortened the road; he enquired as he went along, what was become of my hat, which led to a relation of some of my disasters. He pitied, without laughing at me, and blamed the secretary, for his, what he called, unpardonable neglect. He desired me, when I came to Henningstone again, to pay him a visit, which he said he flattered himself he should be able to render more agreeable to me than this had been. We soon, almost sooner than I wished, arrived at my friend's hospitable mansion, and he left me with the assurance that he would send me my hat the next morning.

I hastily opened the gate:—Charles, who was watching at the window for my return, ran to meet me, as soon as he heard the creaking of the hinges. He caught hold of my hand with a—"come! come!—the supper is ready," and we hurried across the farm yard together, as fast as we could. The cattle lay in supine repose, and Basto, my friend's spaniel, wagged his tail, and ran barking to announce our approach.

Mrs. Thompson met me at the door with a smiling infant in her arms, and received me with these words,—"Welcome! thrice welcome from court to our frugal meal! Come, the supper waits. Charles, call your father."

The cloth was laid, and a dish of asparagus and a shoulder of lamb, that were left in the kitchen to keep warm, were added to the sallad and currant tart that already stood upon the table. My friend entered the room soon after, with a jug of ale in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the other, and welcomed me in the same hearty manner as his wife had done. We sat down to supper. My friends laughed at the recital of my woes more than I was able to do myself, for the wounds were still sore. However, a few hours sleep has enabled me to view every perplexing circumstance in the same ludicrous light, and I am now able to join in the laugh, and assure you that I am reconciled to the world, to courts, and myself; and that I am,

Your contented,

And sincere friend,

GOODWIN.

CHANGE OF COLOUR IN HARES, THE WEASEL, AND THE PTARMIGAN.

DR. Halliday, of Nottingham, has communicated a curious paper to the public on this subject. This change, it seems, takes place in several animals at different seasons of the year; but the Hare, he observes, during the spring and summer months, though varied in external appearance, is uniformly of a bluish grey towards the roots, and this not only on the back and sides of the hare, but also on the belly, where the down is white. In winter, or what the laws of England have denominated the hunting season, the down becomes much finer; thus, what was formerly of a blue grey colour, is now of a pure white; and during very severe winters in the north of Scotland, this whiteness extends almost to the extremity of the down, so as to render the back of the hare almost as white as the abdomen.

The mountain hare, which is frequent in Lapland, Norway, and Russia, and is also found in the north of Scotland, exhibits a change still more remarkable. The hares in the Highlands are somewhat less than the common hare; their ears are much shorter, and they have more slender legs. In summer, their colour is very much like the common hare, though rather of a lighter dun. In autumn, they appear at a distance of a tawny grey; but as winter approaches this begins to change, and at Christmas they are all of a pure white, excepting the tips of their ears, which are black, and which the writer believes never change.—Their summer coat begins to change in September, and does not re-appear till the month of April. In summer, and while the weather continues mild, they are only to be met with singly on the summits of the highest mountains; but in winter, and particularly if the snow lies long, they venture down into the plains and shaded places, and continue to graze together in flocks; however, they always return to the mountains as soon as the snow begins to disappear.

They burrow in the snow, and are of so pure a white as not to be easily distinguished. They appear to have a very quick eye, and a strong sense of smell, as there is a considerable difficulty in getting near enough to shoot them; but if the snow is hard they are easily caught with greyhounds, for they have neither the strength nor the swiftness of the common hare.

The Weasel is the next animal remarkable for changing its colour; but this species seems peculiar to the West Highlands of Scotland, and the little island of Lismore, in Argyleshire. In the summer months, the species of weasel referred to resembles the common weasel. The length of its body is about seven inches, and its tail is about three; the back and sides are of a pale reddish or yellowish brown, and its belly is white: it is a very lively animal, but, like the common weasel, has a very unpleasant smell. In winter, its appearance is considerably altered, and the whole of its fur is a pure white, except on the ears, where the fur always remains black.

Weasels of a pure white are often seen in various parts of Scotland, particularly in Dumfrieshire; but it never could be ascertained that a white weasel had appeared in summer, the farmers, on the contrary, asserting, that they never appeared

but

but to announce a severe snow-storm. Neither could the writer ascertain, whether a brown weasel had ever been seen during the cold season in the island of Lismore.—Dr. Halliday wishes for the observations of the curious upon these subjects; viz. the different species or varieties of the weasel.

With respect to some birds, particularly the Ptarmigan—this bird, he observes, is found in the north-west of Scotland in considerable quantities, particularly in the Hebrides. It is amongst the most stupid of all birds, for if a snow-ball is thrown, so as to fall near it, a person may approach with a stick and knock it on the head. Its astonishment generally prevents it from flying away. They never attempt to fly in a high wind; and, except in the latter end of summer, two or three of them together are very seldom met with. They frequently build their nests under the snow, and are always found on the shaded sides of the mountains. This bird is mentioned by the Doctor, on account of the change of colour to which its feathers are subject. During summer, the ptarmigan is not easily distinguished at a distance from the partridge; but in winter the whole of its feathers, two in the tail excepted, are of a pure white; but these two feathers remain black both in summer and winter. In these changes of colour, the writer remarks, that "a beautiful provision of nature is made, in which the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are equally conspicuous. This change is both a source of security and additional comfort to the animals. The timid and short-lived hare is not only persecuted by lordly man, but equally preyed upon by the wolf, the fox, the hawk, and the eagle; and the more the former are secluded from the haunts of men, the more liable they are to be destroyed by these last-mentioned depredators. Had they remained of a dark colour while the mountains were covered with snow, they could not have stirred abroad without being exposed to certain destruction."

This change of colour certainly preserves them: the same applies to the weasel and the ptarmigan, for the latter are preyed upon by the hawk and the eagle. It is particularly observed, that as the down of these animals becomes white, it becomes also of a much finer texture; and modern chemistry has taught us, that fine down is a very slow conductor of heat; while it is also ascertained, that white and shining surfaces tend to retard the egress of heat from any body. However, the manner in which these changes are brought about may be the subject of future discussion.

MR. LAWRENCE'S NEW WORK ON THE HISTORY OF THE HORSE.

A Prospectus of this elegant publication was to have appeared in our last Number, but being accidentally mislaid, it is introduced into the present.

The first part being now before us, we are enabled to pronounce, in justice to all parties concerned in the execution, that we never met with any work of a similar nature so well got up.

The embellishments, as stated in the prospectus, will be found to answer the fullest expectations of every admirer of the fine arts.—Mr. Marshall has here given us a won-

wonderful display of his talents as a painter, which has received every possible justice from the graver of Mr. Scott.

The Mare and Foal, so beautifully painted by Stubbs, form a most elegant and appropriate vignette, blended with a tasteful title-page, written by Mr. Girtin in his best manner.

In this first part, the History of the Horse is likewise commenced in a very interesting manner, by Mr. John Lawrence, from whose pen (if we may judge from his former productions) much new and important matter upon this subject may reasonably be expected.

In the second part, which we understand is to appear this day, (Feb. 1) will be given an engraving of Jupiter, from the celebrated painting by the late Mr. Gilpin, the property of Colonel Thornton.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

NO. X.

Tale of Poor Jack continued.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Pope's Eloisa.

BEING informed by my venerable orator, that she knew the order in which poor Jack wrote and arranged his drawings and compositions, I begged her to point out to me that order. "Most readily," said she, "will I do it. They breathe the language of a sad and melancholy heart, 'tis true, and tend to make every one serious and thoughtful who reads them, yet are they very dear to me, and are highly valued on more accounts than one. They are the work of my dear boy, and were placed where you saw them by his own hand. They are precious to my sight, and I cannot prevail with myself to follow the advice which has strenuously been given me by many, to remove them. I feel that I should be a sufferer rather than a gainer by such an act. They may affect others with a kind of serious sadness, far from being agreeable; but I am mostly serious, if not sad. My reflecting moments are many; and in those serious moments, the sight and perusal of my Jack's compositions soothe and becalm my breast: they impart a something to my mind which is like food to the body, and tranquillises its agitation, and cheers its languor, by giving it something whereon to operate.

"This is the first drawing of my Jack's. That figure of a melancholy man without hope, seated on the ground, is himself: the dogs looking mournfully upon him are Gaylass, Bluecap, and Fairmaid. The verses beneath them you are better able to read than I to repeat.

"Ye days of cheerful youth, ye hours of glee,
Ye ruddy cheeks, why have ye flown from me?
Old age was distant, sickness ne'er befel;
Why am I thus? ye learned doctors tell.
Alas! 'tis love!—love aim'd his pointed dart,
He pierc'd my breast, he rankles in my heart:
He threw me headlong, left me on my back,
And ev'ry tongue now sighs, 'Alas! poor Jack!'
See, Gaylass weeps, old Bluecap mourns my fate,
And Fairmaid, joyless, eyes my fallen state.
Joyless, indeed!—no hope to cheer the mind,

Sad

Sad and forlorn the prospect looks behind.
The cause is hopeless love—the pleasing dart
That warm'd my breast, now sinks my drooping heart.
He pleas'd, he wounded, left me on the rack:
Each eye that sees me weeps, and mourns poor Jack."

"This is his next performance," said Mrs. Sendaway, turning to another piece. "That noble creature is Highover, a famous horse, on which my Jack hunted the pack. You see he is without a rider, and looks as though he was impatient for one to guide him.—Those are three sportsmen, looking mournfully on poor Jack, who is seated on the earth, as in the former picture: he is speaking to the youthful sportsmen, and his eye looks a little animated with the subject, which you will find below."

"Ye fearless youths who love the jovial chase,
Ye daring sons of joy, know ye this face?
That face which lately banish'd ev'ry care,
Now woe-begone, and lock'd in dark despair?
Look not on me—your sports again renew—
Arouse the midnight thief, his steps pursue.
Highover stands, impatient of delay,
Pants for the chase, to lead ye on the way.
Haste, mount the gen'rous fellow, grace his back,
So late the pride and glory of poor Jack.
Turn out the pack—sound, sound the sprightly horn,
Surround the wood, ye youths, at early morn:
Let animating transports yet abound—
Hark! Gaylass opes—the artful game is found.
Staunch Sanguine's voice sonorously ye hear,
And faithful Truman says the fox is near.
There breaks the thief—he flies before the pack:
Good sport attend ye—never mind poor Jack."

"That aged man and woman are designed for my husband and me. I fancy that appears to be a good likeness of my husband in the man"—"and of you," said I, "in the woman. Your son's imagination, I find, was fertile, and much warmed in his days of melancholy. But what says the language of his heart? for it is that which attracts my attention more than any beauty or justness in the delineation of men or beasts."

"Why pine with anxious care for my relief?
Dear honour'd parents, banish all your grief.
That mute concern, the sorrow ye sustain,
Add to my woe, and make your Jack complain.
No keen remorse can prey upon your mind,
Since ye were ever tender, ever kind:
With care ye guided all my days of youth,
My wants sustain'd, and taught me sacred truth.
The sweet remembrance shall your bosoms heal;
But still the parent for the child must feel,
Sigh when it sighs, and as its looks revive,
The parent smiles, and feels his heart alive;
Gay hope comes smiling, transports fill his breast,
And springing joys employ his hours of rest.
Then banish, parents, ev'ry anxious care;
Your mute concern is more than I can bear.
No words, no grief, the wounded heart can cure,
Yet patiently I'll all the smart endure.
Be cheerful then—why should ye sigh for me,
Who wish to be alone in misery?

"This, Sir, is the last of my Jack's pictures, as my neighbours call them. There you behold the cause of all his misfortunes, and our sorrow and concern. That damsel is drawn to represent his Lydia, whom he has never been heard to accuse

accuse of inconstancy, but always attributed what she did to the mildness of her disposition, the goodness of her natural temper, to that pride and vanity common to woman, and to the artful persuasions and base insinuations of those who called themselves her friends and good advisers."

"What pleasing scenes imagination drew,
What airy hopes were dancing in my view,
When, Lydia, your endearments warm'd this breast,
And artless smiles sunk ev'ry doubt to rest,
Becalm'd and tranquillised my sanguine heart,
And bade each fear of Lydia's love depart.
Sure as I breath'd the vital air of life,
So sure I thought thee, Lydia, as my wife.
I saw my lady, affable and mild,
Call in to see my Lydia and her child;
Fondle the urchin with peculiar grace,
And trace poor Jack upon its cherub face;
Then with a gracious condescension sat
Her down by Lydia in familiar chat.
When active sprightly youth poor Jack had fled,
And Father Time had silver'd o'er this head,
I saw myself fix'd in a calm retreat,
A snug small farm supplied us bread and meat;
With thee, dear Lydia, bosom friend and wife,
To soothe the pangs, and ease the cares of life.
I saw young Jack supply his father's place,
The guide of hounds, and leader of the chase.
I climb'd the hill on an old courser's back,
To view the sportsmen and the tattling pack,
Wish'd them good sport, and homeward bent my way,
To pass with thee another happy day.
Such wild vagaries did each hour employ,
Each coming hour then seem'd to teem with joy.
Then, as the lap of nature I survey'd,
In gay delights each object was array'd;
The tow'ring lark, upon its trembling wing,
In notes more sweet and melting seem'd to sing;
Young Sylvia's treble, and old Ranter's bass,
Gave joys unusual to the sportive chase;
Highover seem'd on fairy feet to move,
And fly upon the mighty winds above;
The sun with three-fold lustre seem'd to shine,
And shed a warmth unusually benign;
And ev'ry object pleasant to my view,
When I, poor Jack, believ'd thee, Lydia, true.
Ah! dearest girl, why did you act your part
With such a kindness as enslav'd my heart?
Yet gave your hand—Alas! I must not think!
My soul with horror at the thought must shrink.
But know, dear girl, I freely thee forgive,
And beg thy happiness each day I live.
Too mild thy gentle bosom, to deny
Those arguments pretended friends apply,
A gilded bait, a painted scene they drew,
And spread the tempting colours in thy view.
Gazing thereon, you paus'd, with wav'ring mind,
When pride, that foe of man, your will inclin'd;
With subtle art the serpent ply'd his wiles,
His specious tales, and damn'd deceitful smiles;
Allur'd thee on, the Gordian knot to tie,
And robb'd thy breast of true felicity.
So Eve, the mother of the human race,
By arts cajol'd, was banish'd from the place
Where joys abounded, and was forced to go
To realms of labour, sickness, pain, and woe.
So thousands weep and mourn when 'tis too late,
And then, impious, lay their ills to fate;
Look back with horror, sadness, and despair,
And tell the passing winds how happy once they were:
Muse on those things, by gracious Heaven meant
To fill their days with bliss and sweet content."

Having perused and copied the above compositions of poor Jack, I said to his mother, "I have seen instances

instances of an unhappy individual's gaining great strength of mind and imagination while he was labouring under mental distress; his thoughts and conceptions would sometimes rise far beyond himself, and were just, forcible, and sometimes sublime. What he lost in his corporeal system was gained in the powers of his mind; which appears to have been the case with your poor Jack. Had your son been gloomy and melancholy in his natural temperament, the first effects of disappointed love would probably have been flightings and disordered reason, and afterwards apathy, incurable melancholy, and wretchedness. But Jack is by nature a jovialist, of much sweetness of temper and goodness of heart, of a sanguine excellent temperament and constitution. Disappointed love, and a wounded heart, sunk his gay spirits, and he became melancholy and wretched in the extreme, yet his constitution carried him through it. Health returned, and with it eccentricity, gaiety, mirth, humour, and cheerfulness. Both cases are similar, though opposite in respect to time: the wounds of love arouse the saturnine at first, but leave them wretched; they depress, when deep, the jovialist, but if he survives them, they leave him apparently more jovial, though, perhaps, less rational."

"What you have said," replied Mrs. Sendaway, "is true, when applied to my son. Poor Jack's health returned gradually in autumn, and as it gained upon him he became witty, and so smart and quick in his replies, that they sometimes made us to laugh, and then he would relapse again to sighing and seriousness. He frequently sung a love-song with that plaintive sweetness and tenderness of tones, as melted as it were the hearer's soul. His tones seemed to give that force and beauty to the song, which nothing but the manner of singing and sweet sounds could give to it. Such relapses he had several times in the course of each day.

"I was delighted at beholding those intervals of happiness, and conceived hope; what the good curate had said would arise sometimes to chill that hope, but I banished those chilling fears by saying, how oft do fears and surmises end in nothing, or in something directly contrary?—I was unwilling to believe that which I apprehended. Poor dear child! he mended in his health; his musical intervals became more frequent; yet he confined himself to the house and garden till the latter end of October, when the hounds were trailing yonder wood. He was breakfasting with me; he heard the dogs, sprung from his seat, and ran to the hedge; the pack began a full cry, and approached nearer; he saw the fox make over the corner of the green, he gave a halloo, leaped the fence like a greyhound, and I saw my poor Jack no more for ten days, when he came for clean linen; his health appeared firmly established, but his reason unsettled.

"From that day he has followed hounds wherever they go, and will put on no other clothing than the cast suits given him by the huntsman and whipper-in, whose drudgery he delights to assist in. Poor child! he is happy, and I ought to be thankful and content. He is musical as the lark, perhaps as harmless and innocent. He neither laughs himself, nor sets others at it, at the expence of any modest or awkward man. His mirthful

pleasantry

pleasantry pleases every one, and he is esteemed by all. If lameness or indisposition prevent his attending the chase, there is more enquiry to know what is become of poor Jack than of any other sportsman. He generally comes once a week for clean and repaired linen; his appearance is pleasant to my sight; it gladdens my heart; his innocent mirth and sweet notes throw a delightful serenity over my mind. Poor Jack is happy; he is respected; he will be provided for; I am thankful, and will not despair. M.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NEWMARKET.

(Continued from Page 59.)

MR. Routh's Looby, by the Duke of Bolton's Looby—beating at four heats, Lord Portmore's Crab, Mr. Meredith's Stump, Sir M. Wyvill's Creeper, and Mr. Prentice's Trimmer, who was the first favourite, but was distanced the first heat .... Apr. 1751

Mr. Robinson's Sampson, by Blaze—walked over .... Oct. 1751

Sir W. Middleton's Thwack'em, by a Son of Bay Bolton—beating Mr. Robinson's Sampson .... Apr. 1752

Mr. Coatesworth's Traveller, by Traveller—beating Mr. Martindale's Archer, and the Duke of Ancaster's Tempest .... Oct. 1752

Mr. Witty's Grenadier, by Blaze—beating, at four heats, Sir M. Wyvill's Antelope, Mr. Meredith's Midas, and Mr. Martindale's Archer .... Apr. 1753

Mr. Meredith's Bandy, by Cade—walked over .... Oct. 1753

Lord Strange's Sportsman, by Lord Derby's Whitefoot—beating Mr. Meredith's Bandy .... Apr. 1754

Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, by Lord Portmore's Whitenose—beating Lord Onslow's Cato, and two others .... Oct. 1754

Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, by Whitenose—beating Mr. Vernon's Skim, and Mr. Warren's Camillus .... Apr. 1755

Mr. Curzon's Jason, by Old Standard—beating Sir William Middleton's Whistlejacket .... Oct. 1755

Sir William Middleton's Whistlejacket, by Mogul—beating Mr. Curzon's Jason .... Apr. 1756

Mr. Williams's Forester, by Mr. Crofts's Forester—walked over .... Oct. 1756

Mr. Vernon's (late Mr. Williams's) Forester, by Mr. Crofts's Forester—beating Mr. Martindale's Adolphus .... Apr. 1757

Mr. Warren's Careless, by Regulus—beating the Duke of Kingston's Prince T'Quassaw .... Oct. 1757

Mr. Warren's Careless, by Regulus—walked over .... Mar. 1758

Duke of Devonshire's Atlas, by Babram—beating Mr. Rogers's Jack of Newbury .... Oct. 1758

Duke of Devonshire's Atlas—beating Jack of Newbury .... Apr. 1759

Mr.

Mr. W. Preston's Hero, by Cade—beating the Duke of Ancaster's Contest, Lord Chedworth's Dormouse, and Lord Gower's Invalid .... Oct. 1759
Mr. O'Neal's (late Mr. Preston's) Hero, by Cade—beating Lord Scarbrough's Cademus, and Mr. Keck's Genius...... Apr. 1760
Lord Portmore's Bosphorus, by Babram—beating Mr. Swinburn's Belford, and Mr. Beaver's Actor .... Oct. 1760
Lord Portmore's Bosphorus, by Babram—walked over ...... Apr. 1761
Mr. Fenton's Engineer, by Sampson—beating Mr. Shafto's Apollo .... Oct. 1761
Mr. Shafto's Apollo, by Regulus—beating Mr. Bladen's Aristotle, Mr. Revell's Celadine, and Mr. Warren's Fearnought, who was drawn after the first heat .... Apr. 1762
Duke of Kingston's Manby, by Blank—beating Sir J. Moore's Hackney, and Lord Grosvenor's Kenton................ Oct. 1762
Duke of Kingston's Manby, by Blank—beating Lord Grosvenor's Boreas, the Duke of Cumberland's Dumplin, and Mr. Greville's Spectre.................................... Apr. 1763
Mr. Sotheron's Elephant, by Regulus—beating Mr. Wildman's Pam, the Duke of Grafton's Havannah, and the Duke of Cumberland's Sultan .... Oct. 1763
Mr. Cross's Julius Cæsar, by Young Cade—beating Mr. Sotheron's Elephant, and Mr. Barry's Schemer .... Apr. 1764
Hon. Francis Charteris's Favourite, by Blank—beating the Duke of Devonshire's Surly, Mr. Larkin's Cyclops, and distanced two others.................................... Oct. 1764
Mr. Quick's General, by Young Cartouch—beating Mr. Wentworth's Valiant, Mr. Larkin's Cyclops, and two others Apr. 1765
Mr. Shafto's Herald, by Snap—beating Lord Orford's Ghost, the Duke of Kingston's Angler, Mr. Panton's Pancake, and two others.. Oct. 1765
Sir James Lowther's Carnatic, by Young Cade—beating, at four heats, Mr. Hutton's Foxhunter, Mr. Shafto's Herald, and Mr. Charteris's Blank .... Apr. 1766
Lord Grosvenor's Cardinal Puff, by Babram—beating Mr. Everett's Antelope, and Mr. Barron's Raven .... Oct. 1766
Lord Grosvenor's Cardinal Puff, by Babram—beating the Duke of Kingston's Cheshire Dick, Mr. Strode's Leopardess, and Mr. Everett's Antelope.............................. Ap. 1767
Mr. Vernon's Marquis, by Lord Rockingham's Godolphin Colt—walked over .... Oct. 1767
Mr. Castle's Spot, by Sweepstakes—beating Mr. Shafto's Petruchio, 5 yrs old .... Apr. 1768
Mr. Wentworth's Tortoise, by Snap—beating Mr. Vevers's Morwick-Ball .... Oct. 1768
Mr. Vevers's Morwick-Ball, by Regulus—beating Mr. Pigott's Conundrum, and Mr. Castle's Foxhunter .... Mar. 1769
Mr. Bland's Diana, by Regulus—beating Mr. Adams's Comet; Sir James Lowther's grey horse, by Jason; and Mr. Shepherd's Pleasant .... Oct. 1769

Mr. O'Kelly's Eclipse, by Marsk (5 yrs old)—beating Mr. Strode's Pensioner (5 yrs old), who was third and distanced; Mr. Fenwick's (late Mr. Bland's) Diana was second, and the Duke of Grafton's Chigger fourth, and drawn.—At starting, 10 to 1 on Eclipse; after the heat, large sums were bet, at 6 and 7 to 4, that he distanced Pensioner, which he did with great ease. . . . . Apr. 1770

Mr. O'Kelly's Eclipse, by Marsk—walked over. . . . . Oct. 1770

Lord Ossory's Fabius, by Mr. Panton's Posthumous, beating Lord March's Sportsman, 5 yrs old; and Mr. Larkin's Fox-hunter, 5 yrs old. . . . . Apr. 1771

Mr. Carver's Pincher, by Shakespeare—beating Mr. Quick's Phlegon, and Mr. Wentworth's Carabineer. . . . . Oct. 1771

Mr. Sparrow's Minor, by Atlas—beating Mr. Quick's Phlegon Apr. 1772

Sir C. Bunbury's Amphion, by Match'em (5 yrs old)—beating Lord March's Ramjam, Mr. Strode's Paymaster, and the Duke of Kingston's Cossack . . . . Oct. 1772

Lord Farnham's Conductor*, by Match'em, beating Mr. Gulston's Endymion, Mr. Wentworth's Achilles, Mr. Bishopp's Amphion, (all 5 yrs old) and Mr. Strode's Britannicus. . . . Apr. 1773

Mr. Penton's Euryalus, by Lord Grosvenor's Arabian—walked over . . . . Oct. 1773

Mr. Medley's Bacchus, by Lightfoot—beating Mr. Wheatley's Consul, Mr. Wentworth's Euryalus, Mr. Shirley's Papist, Lord Abingdon's Zachariah, and Mr. Knivett's Gander. . . Apr. 1774

Sir C. Bunbury's Gertrude, by Match'em—beating Mr. Belson's Premier; Lord Grosvenor's roan horse, by King Herod; Mr. Shirley's Papist, the Duke of Ancaster's Euryalus, Mr. Green's Nail'em, and Lord Milsintoun's Leadenheels. . Oct. 1774

Lord Grosvenor's Mambrino, by Engineer—beating Mr. Shirley's Papist, and Mrs. Binfield's Counsellor (late Towzer) Apr. 1775

Duke of Grafton's Lamplighter, by Antinous—beating Lord Clermont's Ainderby, Lord Grosvenor's Morwick, Mr. Hanks's Damper, Lord Farnham's Cul Blank, and Sir J. Sheiley's Whitleather (5 yrs old). . . . . Oct. 1775

Lord Grosvenor's Don Dun, by Brilliant—beating Sir J. Shelley's Whitleather, Mr. Vernon's Atalanta, Lord Farnham's Ainderby, the Duke of Grafton's Lamplighter, and Mr. J. Smith's Tartar. . . . . Apr. 1776

Duke of Grafton's Magnet, by King Herod—beating Lord Grosvenor's Deucalion, (5 yrs old) Mr. Ayrton's Cash-keeper, Colonel Hunt's Gem, and Mr. Shute's Priam . . . . Oct. 1776

* His Majesty's Plates run for at Newmarket, from their first commencement in the reign of King Charles the First, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, not more than six years old the grass before they ran, carrying 12st. each, the best of three heats, over the Round or King's Plate Course, was ordered by his Majesty, for this (1773) and the succeeding years, to be altered to *one heat,* and run for over the same Course.

Mr.

Mr. Parker's Pretender, by Syphon—beating Lord Grosvenor's Gilkicker, Mr. Pratt's Maiden, Mr. Wentworth's Cash-keeper, and Mr. Walker's Colleague .... Mar. 1777
Lord Clermont's Masquerade, by Marsk—beating Lord March's Slim, Sir J. Shelley's Sarpedon, Mr. Rogers's Bedfellow, and Mr. Vernon's Narcissus .... Oct. 1777
Lord March's Slim, by Squirrel—beating Sir J. Shelley's Sarpedon, Mr. O'Kelly's Impostor, Lord Clermont's Masquerade, and Mr. Bertie's Washington...................... Apr. 1778
Lord Clermont's Dictator, by Match'em—beating Mr. Watson's Freeholder, and Mr. Ellis's Diana................ Oct. 1778
Mr. Ellis's Diana, by Shakespeare—beating Mr. Vernon's Prince, Mr. Adams's Royston, Mr. Belson's Dasher, and Mr. O'Kelly's Antiochus (who ran out of the Course).... Apr. 1779
Mr. Price's Humbug, by Chrysolite—beating Sir H. Fetherstone's Tremamando, the Duke of Grafton's Caractacus, and Sir J. Shelley's Eagle (5 yrs old)....................... Oct. 1779
Lord Clermont's Dictator, by Match'em—beating the Duke of Grafton's Caractacus, Sir J. Shelley's Eagle, and Mr. Walker's Cabal (4 yrs old)............................... Mar. 1780
Sir H. Fetherstone's Flash, by King Herod—beating Mr. Hall's Receiver, Mr. Smallman's Chesfield (lame), and two others .... Oct. 1780

To be continued.

*** For the Pedigrees and Performances of the above Horses, &c. we refer our readers to *Pick's Turf Register.*

MAN AND WIFE—A NEW COMEDY.

ON Thursday, the 5th of January, a new Comedy, called *Man and Wife; or, More Secrets than One,* was brought out at Drury-Lane Theatre, the characters of which were thus represented :—

Sir Willoughby Worritt..Mr. Dowton.
Sir Rowland Austincourt.Mr. Powell.
Charles Austincourt......Mr. Elliston.
Lord Austincourt..........Mr. Holland.
Abel Grouse...............Mr. Wroughton.
Cornelius O'Dedimus....Mr. Johnstone.
Ponder.........................Mr. Matthews.
Sailor..........................Mr. Smith.

Helen Worritt ....Mrs. Jordan.
Lady Worritt................Mrs. Harlowe.
Fanny Grouse ....Mrs. H. Siddons.
Servant Maid................Mrs. Scott.

THE FABLE,

Which is very simple, although highly interesting, is principally taken from the Vicar of Wakefield, and comprises a false marriage, which proves a true one; and the substitution of one child for another, which is afterwards rectified. Charles Austincourt (the real Lord Austincourt) is made to pass by Sir Rowland (his uncle) as his son, and Sir Rowland's own son is made to assume the title of Lord Austincourt. On the discovery, which is admirably managed, Charles Austincourt, the real Lord, marries Helen Worritt, who was courted by,

by, and promised to his cousin, the false Lord Austincourt, notwithstanding his previous but unknown marriage to Miss Fanny. The marriage of the two latter, after the exposure of the villainies of the false Lord Austincourt, is acknowledged and confirmed, when the parties become reconciled.

REMARKS.

The Horatian adage "*Ut pictura poesis erit*," seems fully exemplified. This comedy is said to be the production of an artist, and possesses uncommon merit. The sentiments are now and then somewhat heavy and episodical; but the effect of the whole is extremely attractive and prepossessing. The propriety of language is seldom violated; although, in some of the more elevated scenes, the dialogue may be considered in some degree below the true standard. In some instances also, the language is out of character; and the sentiments or speeches put in the mouth of Helen Worritt, although here and there pretty, and even delicate, appear as if better calculated for parts of an oration in the Senate, than for the easy simplicity of a young lady not yet out of her teens: the morality was sermonic, and the fervour Parliamentary; but it was a charming performance throughout, being in Mrs. Jordan's very best manner.—We shall not enter into a full disquisition of the merits or demerits of the comedy.—With many faults, it has altogether so many beauties, that it was loudly and deservedly applauded throughout, and promises to become a great favourite. The reader may form some idea of the poet's talents from the following passages, which are tolerably accurate:

Sir Willoughby.—"Then she's so nervous! A nervous wife is worse than a perpetual blister; and then, as the man says in the play, your nervous patients are always ailing, but never *die!*"

"A Baronet's wife ought to be better employed than in counting candles, or weighing soap; and it is also extraordinary that an heiress of 12,000l. a year should amuse herself in pickling and preserving."

Lady Worritt.—"True, Sir, but if women were more employed in domestic amusements, there would be fewer appeals to Doctors' Commons!"

Sir Willoughby.—"I had rather see my daughter with a rosy bloom on her cheek, than a sickly hue, which shews, that whilst the surface blossoms, the fruit withers and decays."

Helen.—"Every one knows the firmness of a woman, when she is resolved on contradiction."

O'Dedimus (*reading the lawyer's letter*)—"and, although you have seven children, you should have had better manners than to get them."

Ditto.—"I love the law to be sure, but I will always stand up for a poor man against oppression."

Sailor.—"If I don't assist you, may my gun be primed with damp powder the first time I fire a broadside against an enemy."

Ponder.—"I'll bother the client—I'll send him his own case, and then he'll bother himself."

Ditto.—"'Arrested! if a man can't pay his debts at liberty, he stands a bad chance in prison; and he that sends him there will find a good cause to expect a bill against him for barbarity!"

Ponder.—"Justice! apply there, you're mistaken—he only deals in law: and, for fear the law should take

take me, I took to the law myself."

Charles.—"On his estate he is a burthen, not a benefactor; and in Parliament he is a *Peer*, not a *Prop.*"

Helen.—"Why can't we be all like these flowers, innocent, natural, and inoffensive? Hear how I have spent the morning—I took some cold water, which I love better than any thing—(Mama, gave me some tea); then I called at the dairy—(Papa, some cream); and came home with such an appetite—(some rolls and butter)."

Ditto.—"Have you found the married state happy, Sir?"

Sir W.—"Certainly; every body says so, and what every body says, must be true."

Helen.—"Surely, Sir, the man that fights his country's battles abroad, should not be less esteemed by those whom his courage enables to live in tranquillity at home."

O'Dedimus.—"If you think to quiet the old gentleman with that purse, it is like stopping a mouse-hole with toasted cheese."

Ditto.—"When nature makes an Irishman, she makes some blunder in forming his *head*, but it is because she takes so much pains in constructing his *heart.* I have a right to be *modest*—I was born an *Irishman*, and bred an *Attorney.*"

Mrs. H. Siddons, Elliston and Wroughton, and Mrs. Jordan in particular, displayed their best talents to great advantage.—Holland, though he played as well as his part would admit, caused much merriment by observing—"I know not how to *act.*"

The comedy was preceded by a prologue, which had several good points.—It was very well delivered by Matthews.—There were several neat strictures on plays, coxcombs, and pictures.—The following lines had much effect:—

"What, Man and Wife! I'm sure you'll all exclaim,
Can any novelty be found in them?
If he should draw them of mild placid feature,
You'll say they're certainly quite out of nature;
Or should he make them fight like dog and cat,
I'm sure you'll say there's nothing new in *that.*"

The epilogue was admirably given by Mrs. Jordan, who excited much risibility by the following allusion to the author—

"Who anxious lists to hear how well
His counsel—Mrs. Jordan's speeches tell."

SKARLOTZ,
THE BILLIARD PLAYER.

DURING the time the two Emperors were at Erfurth, among the variety of singularities collected for the gratification of Alexander, there was introduced to his notice *Peter Skarlotz*, a person who was formerly a schoolmaster at Aix-la-Chapelle, and eminent for his knowledge of the mathematics, which he taught there with considerable *éclat*, but whose incomparable adroitness at billiards suggested to him the wiser policy, in this age of dissipation, to relinquish science, and follow a more profitable pursuit. He therefore transferred the energies of his mind to the dexterity of his hands, and is, without doubt, the best billiard player in Europe. Alexander, who himself plays exceedingly well, condescended to afford him an opportunity of manifesting his skill, by taking vast odds, but was beat every game. Scarlotz then displayed his astonishing

astonishing powers, in going through a game of his own invention, with four balls, when he established his fame for ever, by the surprise and wonder he excited with *mace* and *queue*. To add still to the fame of this singular phenomenon, both his arms are diminutively short. He received splendid tokens from both the Emperors, of their approbation and astonishment, especially Alexander, together with commands to repair to St. Petersburgh.

HUGO MEYNELL, ESQ.

HUGO Meynell, Esq. who died at his town residence, on Wednesday, December 13, in the 74th year of his age, was descended from a family of long standing in the counties of Leicester and Derby, and by his maternal grandmother, from the families of Pointz and Littleton, of North Okenden, Essex. He was born in June, 1735; High Sheriff for Derbyshire, in 1758; Member of Parliament for Litchfield, 1761, 1768; for Lymington, 1774, and for Stafford, 1778. He was master of the Royal Stag-hounds, 1770, 1772. He married, first, in June, 1754, Anne, the daughter of John Gell, Esq. by whom he had one son, Godfrey, born October 4, 1755. Mrs. Meynell died at Hopton, in Derbyshire, in June, 1757; and in June, 1758, he married Anne, daughter of Thomas Boothby Skrimsher, Esq. of Tooley Park, by whom he had two sons; Hugo, born 1759, who died in May 1800; and Charles, born in 1768, now Master of the Royal Tennis Court.

Mr. Meynell, who had long been considered as the first foxhunter in England, purchased a good house at Quorn, in Leicestershire, for a hunting seat, which he afterwards greatly improved; and which, after a possession of nearly fifty years, on the illness of his eldest son, was sold, in 1800, to the Earl of Sefton.

On Wednesday, the 21st of December, Mr. Meynell's remains passed through Quorndon, for interment at Bradley, in Derbyshire, the burial place of that ancient family. By his death the principal part of his landed property, amounting to eleven thousand pounds per annum, goes to his grandson, Hugo Meynell, Esq. He was truly said to be the greatest sportsman in England, having kept the fox-hounds at Quorn in the very best stile, for more than half a century. The very splendid entertainments given at various times at Quorndon Hall, to many of the first nobility in the kingdom, and his unbounded hospitality to the poor, will long be remembered in that neighbourhood.

Mr. Meynell, in his mode of managing a subscription pack of hounds, has left no equal behind him. He had to humour, as well as to contend, with a race of as dashing young men in Harvey Aston, Charles Windham, &c. as could be found, who were continually racing against each other, and before his hounds, but by the force of his laughter, and the pleasantry of his observations upon them, they were called back to order, and acknowledged their error. On two of his company, who were one day riding before his dogs, he observed, "the hounds were following the gentlemen, who were very kindly gone forward to see what the fox was about."

SIN-

SINGULAR ESCAPE
FROM A
WILD BUFFALO IN BENGAL.

A Traveller, who made a tour through Bengal, Bahar, and Oude, between the years 1794 and 1797, relates as follows:—

"Being near Plassey, and feeling the sun rather powerful, I made towards a *tope*, or grove, when Mungloo, the lad who accompanied me with ammunition, called out to me to take care, for we were pursued by a wild buffalo. I turned round and saw it, but at so great a distance, that I could hardly suppose that it was in pursuit of us, and stopped some time to ascertain the course it was pursuing, against the earnest remonstrances of the lad; but I was very near suffering for my rashness. The buffalo approached with great rapidity, and that we were the objects of his fury was now very evident; I therefore made for the *tope* as fast as I could run; but my speed was not likely to avail me much, for I had but three or four hundred yards between me and a place of safety, when I could distinctly hear the buffalo snorting in my ear. The fowling-piece in my hand, loaded with small shot, would have made no impression on his tough hide. In this exigency, almost despairing of effecting an escape, a lucky thought struck me, which I immediately put in practice, and providentially extricated myself from the imminently perilous situation in which I was involved. I had frequently been told, that this animal's anger was particularly excited by any thing of a red colour, and poor Mungloo's turban being of that hue, I took it off his head, and threw it behind me towards the buffalo; this immediately drew his attention from us, he tossed it up in the air, stamped upon, and spurned it with the most violent fury; the folds of the turban, by being tossed about, became disentangled, and consequently exposed a larger portion of the obnoxious colour to his view; this added fresh fuel to his rage, and enabled us to reach the *tope*, and make a safe lodgment in a mangoe tree. When he had amused himself some time with the turban, he made towards our retreat: although we were safe enough in our elevated situation, I could not entirely divest myself of apprehension, as I had been informed, that these animals would keep a person in a tree for several hours, by remaining at the foot of it, until some other object excited their attention.

"But I was not put to this inconvenience; there happened to be grazing in the *tope* two unfornate asses, with their fore-legs fastened, to prevent them straying too far. The buffalo attacked them with the utmost ferocity, and soon left them extended on the ground. After this exploit, he went out of the *tope* on the opposite side, and scampered across the plain towards a jungle at some distance off.

"I descended from the tree, and returned to my boats, grateful for my escape, and now understood from some of my people, that this part of the Island of Copunbuzar was famous for a breed of fierce wild buffaloes, an animal certainly one of the most dangerous, as well as the most courageous, in India: hardly any thing is safe from his fury, and he will as fearlessly attack a royal tiger as he would a kid. The colour is of a dirty brown, approaching to black, the horns large and resupinated, the

eyes

eyes very full and peculiarly savage, and the tongue rough as a file: in short, his countenance exhibits such hideous traits of ferocity as to appal the stoutest beholder. Some of the males are near six feet high, and large in proportion. They are not so dangerous in a herd as when alone, and a female with a young calf is most dangerous of any. A gentleman of my acquaintance had once a very narrow escape from one of the latter description: he was out on a hog-hunting party, well mounted, and armed with a spear. Having started a wild hog, he pursued his game towards a neighbouring jungle, over some very rough ground, when suddenly a cow buffalo, with a young calf, stopped his career. Aware of his inability to contend with so formidable an enemy, he endeavoured to effect his escape, but the roughness of the ground impeded his horse's progress, and gave the enemy a decided superiority in point of speed. He saw his danger, and, with a happy presence of mind, wheeled his horse round, and buried his spear in the body of the calf, which immediately diverted the mother from her pursuit; her natural ferocity gave way to maternal affection, and her endeavours to assist her offspring enabled my friend to escape."

ATTACHMENT TO HORSES AND TOADS.

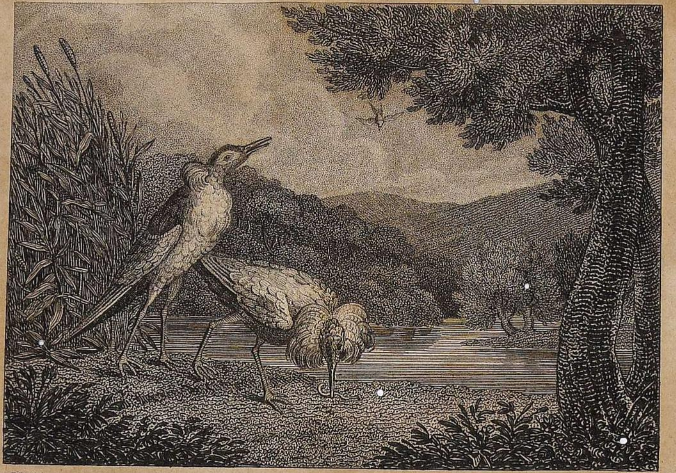
THE late Sir Richard Hill, of Hawkesworth, carried his consideration for his servants and domestic animals so far, that it was customary for him, after being set down at the House of Commons, if the weather was or threatened to be bad, to direct his coachman to return immediately; and rather than keep his domestics and horses exposed to its vicissitudes, he would himself brave the inclemencies, at all hours, in a walk from Westminster to his residence at the very extremity of Upper Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

The more eccentric disposition of Sir Richard's brother, the Rev. Rowland Hill, appears in a kind of establishment, at his country house at Wootton Underedge, which is called a *Toadery!* A number of toads have, for some time since, been bred and preserved in his garden. Upon this subject Mr. Hill has observed, "An uncommon degree of odium is fixed to the existence of a toad; they are supposed to be poisonous: this is quite a vulgar error; they are useful reptiles, for they destroy innumerable insects, and are even capable of the knowledge of our attention and humanity:—it is wanton cruelty to destroy them. In my country abode, I have attempted to make them a place of retirement, and called it a *Toadery*.—Every creature that God has sent we should protect, and, in a subordinate degree, they demand our attention."

RUFFES AND REEVES.

With a beautiful Engraving by Nicholls.

THE Ruffe is a bird receiving its name from a circle of long feathers surrounding the neck, of different colours. It has a black bill, somewhat red at the base; the coverts of the wings are ash colour, the breast black or dusky, the



P.R. del. *W. Nicholls fec.t*

RUFFES and REEVES.

Pub.d Feb.1 180[illegible] by J. Wheble Warwick Square.

the four exterior feathers of the tail a cinereous brown; and the other feathers of the tail barred with black and brown. The male bird measures twelve inches in length, and twenty-four in breadth, that is to say, from the extremity of one extended wing to the other. The female, called the Reeve, is about ten inches in length and nineteen in breadth. The Reeve never changes her colours, which the male is sometimes known to do. The back of the Reeve is spotted with black on a brown ground, and the breast and belly are white.

These birds are migratory, arriving in this island in Spring, and departing about Michaelmas. They lay four white eggs, marked with dusky spots, in a tuft of grass, during the first week in May, which are hatched in about a month. The Ruffes, or males, have severe conflicts with each other for the females, and often destroy many of their own sex. Their flesh is accounted by the sportsman a most excellent delicacy.

The Ruffes and Reeves are particularly well known in the Low Countries, or Flanders, and along the greater part of the north coast of France, by the name of *Le Combatants*, from their constant inclination for the battle. Like our true-bred game cocks, two of the males no sooner meet than they commence the attack: even on the wing they are seen to exhibit this furious propensity; and they will continue fighting in air till one of the two combatants drops, vanquished, to the earth.

Early in the month of May, the Ruffes and Reeves pay their annual visit to our shores. The fenny parts of Lincolnshire, called the great level, even to Boston, are most desirable to them. So soon as these quarrelsome companions arrive they begin to pair, and during this ceremony, hardly any other conduct is to be observed than the most obstinate warfare; nor do these combatants give over the battle until they have forced to flight, or reduced by death, every male above the number of their females.

The place they select for the nest is generally some insulated spot, away from the possibility of interruption or surprise. The hen having laid four or five eggs, the Ruffe never leaves her for any length of time, and during the hours of incubation, his employment is to find her food, and to feed her on the nest. In his attention he is uncommonly correct, and when the young ones throw off the shell, his affection is more conspicuous than that of the Reeve; this continues till they have strength to take the wing, when the same quarrelsome disposition begins to manifest itself as with the parent. Their food is worms, insects, and all other creeping creatures, with which fenny places abound.

Shortly after our harvest they are seen to congregate, but not in large bodies like the swallows; and when a fair wind offers, they disappear till the return of our vernal season, when, 'tis said, they closely follow the nightingale.

SENOR LIONETTO,

THE INCOMBUSTIBLE SPANIARD.

Translated from the Italian of Louis Sementi, Chief Professor of Chemistry in the Royal University of Naples.

THIS gentleman informs his readers, that he has carefully attended to all the exhibitions of the Spaniard,

Spaniard, at Paris, &c. for the purpose of discovering the means by which he endured the operations of fire to such an unprecedented degree. He denies the possibility of Lionetto's realising his proposal for entering into a heated oven, with an egg in one hand and a piece of raw mutton in the other, unless the said oven be constructed differently from ovens in general.—He traces the whole at length to a chemical process.—Dr. Sementi then observes, that the arrival of a man calling himself incombustible, who treated hot iron in various manners, drank boiling oil, and handled liquid lead, &c. was scarcely announced, when this interesting phenomenon engaged him so much, that he left no means untried by which he might be enabled to form an opinion of it. First, it was indispensably necessary to ascertain the fact, by assisting assiduously at the experiments which Senor Lionetto, otherwise called the *incombustible man*, presented to the public. He observes, "I approached as near to him as possible, that I might observe minutely whatever was most particular in his experiments; of which the following is an account:—

"Senor Lionetto commenced the proof of his incombustibility, by putting over his head a thin plate of red-hot iron, which, at least in appearance, did not alter his hair; the iron had scarcely come in contact with it, when a considerable quantity of dense white vapour was seen to arise. A second plate of red-hot iron was likewise passed over the whole extent of his arm and leg. With another red-hot iron he struck his heel and the point of the foot repeatedly: in this experiment, the contact of the fire was longer than in any of the preceding. From the sole of his foot so much vapour was disengaged, that being very near the experiments, my eyes and nose were sensibly affected. He also put between his teeth a heated iron, which, although not red hot, was still capable of burning.

"It was announced that he had drank half a glass of boiling oil; but in fact I found that he had never drank such a dose, having only introduced a little into his mouth, not more than the third part of a spoonful at a time. It was likewise asserted, that he had washed his hands and face in boiling lead; but he now practised such an experiment only in rapidly bathing the extremities of his fingers in liquid lead, and also carrying a very small portion of it on his tongue. He afterwards passed a piece of red-hot iron over his tongue, without shewing the least painful sensation. The tongue, which I was able distinctly to observe in this often-repeated experiment, was covered with a crust, similar to what is seen on the tongues of persons in fevers; that is to say, it was covered with a kind of paste, of a dirty grey colour. He exposed his foot against the flame of burning oil, but kept it at a certain distance. In short, he threw sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids, on inflamed charcoal, and immediately exposed his face over the vapour which arose from those acids, keeping a small part of it in that situation.

"The experiment with which Senor Lionetto is accustomed to terminate his exhibition, is that of passing through the skin of his arm a thick gold pin, which he does without feeling the least pain. In this proof of his *insensibility*, I observed, that the pin entered his skin

skin with difficulty, requiring such a force as if it had to perforate dressed leather. Now although, at first view, this fact seemed to have no relation with the others practised by means of fire, yet it appeared to me to throw some light on the examination of the phenomenon relating to the pretended incombustibility."

The manner in which Senor Lionetto has been able to sustain the operation of fire and heat in so many forms, is accounted for, as before hinted, by a chemical process, which is described by the above writer; furnishing means proper to benumb the cutaneous nerves, and to clothe the skin, &c. with substances resisting heat, such as sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids, assisted by hard soap, laid on the skin to a certain consistency.

DOGS, CATS, AND RATS,

IN THE FERROE ISLANDS.

AS the sheep in these Islands remain unhoused both in winter and summer, in the former season they sometimes retire behind the rocks, to avoid the inclemency of the season; here they are often covered by the drifted snow, so as to be inclosed by it. When a snow-storm has subsided, and the people go in quest of their sheep, a good dog can discover by his scent the places where they are buried, and by his scratching and barking give notice to the owners. Sheep have lived in this state six or seven weeks.

Some of the domestic cats have sometimes run wild, and never returned home; in this case, the inhabitants take care to have these cats killed, to prevent them from destroying their lambs.

Dogs, in Ferroe, besides performing all the services common to other shepherds' dogs, will seize a single lamb, or a sheep, from among the flock, at the word of command. If the dog seizes a wrong one, his master calls out to him: he then renews his search, and never leaves off till he finds the right.

A proper sheep-dog in Ferroe must never bark when employed in the fields, lest the sheep should be rendered wilder than they are. There are in these Islands several kinds of dogs; the oldest breed have rather a long pointed muzzle, and short erect ears; but most of them have their ears half or entirely hanging down, stand pretty high on their legs, and are smooth haired. A smaller kind of dogs is kept for driving the sheep from the inclosures, when they jump over the fences in summer. The principal property of these dogs is to bark.

The *mus amphibius*, the great or new rat, was brought to these islands in 1768, in a vessel from Norway, lost on the Island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides, the wreck of which was drifted to Suderroe. The inhabitants of Ferroe endeavour to destroy them by cats and traps, for they will not touch any thing that is poisoned.

STEEPLE RACE.

A Match for 100gs. p. p. was made in December, to be run within a month, between T. Holland, Esq. and J. Cook, Esq. to ride a steeple race; Mr. Holland's horse Smoke against the latter gentleman's horse Buckingham. The neighbourhood of Boston was to be the scene of action.—We have not yet heard the result of this race.

FEAST OF WIT.

A Jockey, in Mullingar Fair, who had bargained for a horse that happened to have a *bald face*, with a countryman, observed to the latter, that he *looked pale in the comb*:—" Yes," said the countryman, " and if you had looked through a *halter* as long as he has done, you would be *pale in the comb* too."

A Country Surgeon, on a visit at a friend's house, observing the servant had got a wig, who was himself bald, after bantering him a considerable time, said, " You see, Dick, how bald I am, yet I don't wear a wig." To which the servant, looking steadfastly at the Doctor, shrewdly replied—" True, Sir, *an empty barn requires no thatch*."

At Wellington, Shropshire, some years ago, on the day of appeal for the Militia, one of the Magistrates asked a collier upon what grounds he claimed exemption from the ballot? " I have three children," said Murphy. " Were they all born in *Wedlock?*" " They were all born in Dawley parish, Zur, where I comes from, not at *Wenlock*."

An Officer being very much *intoxicated*, an old soldier observed, that he was afraid there was something wrong at *Head Quarters!*

In a recent daily paper, a public-house is advertised to be let, with the peculiar advantage of its being situated in a *hard-drinking neighbourhood!*

Professor Porson, of Cambridge, a short time before his death, being in a mixed company, among which were many eminent literary characters, and particularly a poet, who had a very high opinion of his own talents, the conversation turned on some of his productions, when, as usual, he began to extol their merits.—" I will tell you, Sir," said the professor, " what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakespeare's and Milton's are forgotten—(every eye was instantly fixed upon the Professor,) but *not* till then."

Townsend, the active and intelligent Officer of Bow-street, observing on a Saturday evening at the Opera House, a *youthful Duke* wrapt in admiration of a very lovely nymph of Terpsichore, *punningly* remarked—" I'm up to the gossip! And, without running a-rig, I'll bet *hogs* to *grunters* that tight little article will soon be at the top of the Gay-ton."

An eminent *accoucheur*, having given his testimony in a cause of great weight, tried lately in Dublin, the Judge was pleased to compliment him, by saying—" 'pon my word, Doctor, you have *delivered* yourself remarkably well!"

The late Lord George Germain was not more distinguished for his abilities than for his amiable disposition.

sition. Of this his domestics felt the comfort, living with him rather as humble friends than menial servants. His Lordship one day entering his house in Pall-mall, observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and enquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came: —Old John immediately replied, "They are *our's*, my lord, from *our* country-house." "Very well," said the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and Lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was? "*Our's*," said honest John: "and are the children in it *our's* too?" said his lordship, laughing. "*Most certainly*, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

A Gentleman, whose name has been used without his consent as a partner in a country bank, has given notice of the same by public advertisement; but whatever dislike he may have to the connection, his *fitness* to become a country banker is unquestionable, as his notes would have the peculiar advantage of being signed in the same way as his advertisement, viz. "*The mark* ⋈ *of* Thomas Paddon."

The following is a literal copy of an application to the Magistrates, at the late Quarter Sessions of the county of Surrey, for a license, by a would-be Itinerant Preacher:—

"I. M. Doth Hear by A Ply for a Lisons too prisch the Gospel of Crist the Lord."

A *licensed Preacher* has written to a friend in the Borough, who is one of the *stiff-neck* informers against the butchers and greengrocers, who open their shops to accommodate the poor on Sunday mornings, and expresses himself as follows:—

"May yaure vork prosper, E Men. Punnish vid out marcee evre von that sels muttin, kabedge, or nothing els on they Laurd's day, and the Richus vil aplewd yous, and they ofenders vil turne to they Laurd, and to oure Holoy Tab Urnacle."

The following whimsical occurrence lately took place at one of the dress-balls at Bath:—Two gentlemen who had come out of the subscription card-room, knowing that they might not enter the ball-room in boots, pulled off those interdicted pieces of leather, and appeared in pantaloons and shoes. Close to them was a young lady, with two antiquated ones, namely, her mother, and a stiff prudish old maid. The young lady was decked with a hat of considerable magnitude, which had probably escaped the observation of the Master of the Ceremonies, but which the old maid was perpetually endeavouring to render more effective, by adjusting it, first a little on one side, and then a little on the other. "Hum!" said one of the gentlemen; "I think the Master of the Ceremonies ought to make that lady take off her hat, and I hope he will do it, too."—"Well, indeed!" exclaimed the old maid, in a tone calculated for the hearing of the two gentlemen, "if the Master of the Ceremonies makes Sophy take off her hat, I hope we shall see him make those two gentlemen *take off their pantaloons*!"

The following singular advertisement has appeared in an Edinburgh Paper:—

"*Notice*

" *Notice to Unmarried Women.*—A man in Edinburghshire, who never was married, being near thirty years of age, has above 900l. with a small estate. In sincerity, he wants a woman to be his spouse that is truly pious, and has a taste for cleanliness.—' Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'—Prov. xxxi. 30.

" Any young woman whom this may suit, will please address to A. B. to be left at this Printing Office, and the advertiser will wait on her.

" O virtuous female, think no shame,
To take the pen and write thy name;
I shall the SUBJECT *secret handle*,
And keep thee free from any scandal."

MR. Sheridan being informed that a certain Dramatic Writer never laughed at the performance of *The School for Scandal*, satirically exclaimed, " It is surely very *ungrateful* in him; for I never refused to *laugh* at his *Tragedies*."

MAJOR Downs, of the Saint James's Volunteers, who is an *Undertaker* in Brewer-street, being called upon for a toast, at a late dinner of the Corps, parodied the expression of Don Langara, the Spanish admiral, to Lord Hood, by wishing that the whole regiment " might live a thousand years;" and pleasantly added, that he " sincerely hoped after that period to have the happiness (in the way of trade) to bury them all."

A PERSON meeting an acquaintance in a thread-bare coat, remarked, that the garment seemed to partake of the quality of his night-cap, for it had a very *sleepy* appearance. " Why a sleepy appearance?" interrogated his friend. " Because," replied the other, " I don't think it has had a *nap* these seven years."

A CLERGYMAN having lately fallen into the company of some *bon-vivants*, and they pressing him to fill his glass with more rapidity than he thought convenient, he had the good fortune to be excused for that time by a promise, that when he saw them again he would *drink like a beast*. At their next meeting, they accordingly insisted upon his making good his promise. " That I will very readily do," replied the divine, " and as a beast drinks only *when he chooses*, no more will I."

A COUNTRY schoolmaster asked a sailor, what was the third and half of ten-pence? The fellow, who was very illiterate, and consequently unacquainted with arithmetic, evaded giving an answer, intimating, that he did not care to give that for nothing which he had learnt at a dear rate, adding, that he could set the schoolmaster a much harder question. " What is it?" cried the former. " Why," replied the tar, " if a pound of cheese costs four-pence, what will a cart-load of turnips amount to?"

A CHEMIST, discoursing of drugs, asserted, that all *bitter* things were *hot*.—" No," observed one present, " there is one of a very different quality, and that is—*a bitter cold day*."

A LADY told her husband, she read the *Art of Love* on purpose to learn to be agreeable to him.—" I would rather have *love without art*," said he, drily.

CRUELTY

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

ALLOW me to recommend, without being suspected of affecting any extraordinary degree of humanity, that in the present Session of Parliament, some endeavour may be used for preventing cruelty to animals, by inflicting punishments upon those who perpetrate it. There are already some laws of this sort, but we see that they are ineffectual. A few days ago, a cruel wretch of a butcher threw a terrier dog over the rails of the canal in St. James's Park upon the melting ice, which broke as fast as the poor animal laid hold of it, so that, after half an hour's struggle, it perished. The owner of the dog not being present, none of the spectators, who indignantly witnessed this, thought themselves authorised to seize the villain, though their anger was so apparent, that he fled, as if with great fear of a thrashing.

Besides the civil remedy for an injury done to the animal of another, there should be one for the offence done to the community, supposing the animal to have no known owner. And, as it is plain from the laws of that Creator, who made animals, as well as ourselves, that no owner can possess the right of using his animal otherwise than so as not abusing it, ought we not also to forbid acts of flagrant cruelty, such as races against time for great distances, even when done at the instigation of what are called owners? A penalty of *five hundred pounds* upon any person, who should run a horse for a wager, longer than half an hour, at any one time, would abridge none of the justifiable amusements of the *Turf*, and would prevent many a wager, full of other ill consequences than those of cruelty to an animal—such as much waste of time before and afterwards by those, who have little other property than their time; —and the introduction of gamblers and sharpers amongst persons of property, or industry, whom they could not otherwise approach. It is a mistake to suppose, that the amusements of our ordinary races encourage this latter sort of association. After a county race, the presence of an elegant assemblage of Ladies commands the attention of almost every Gentleman; the farmer returns to his little inn, and from thence home; the *Black Legs* find few opportunities of intrusion, and associate chiefly together. But, during the long races against time, it is quite otherwise. No Ladies, no family parties, are present at these; the spectators are compelled to seek for refreshment at houses of entertainment upon the road, and are there necessarily crowded together in that sort of coarse and familiar mixture, which sharpers well know how to make use of.

If it be objected, that men should not be prevented from doing what they please with their own, let us recollect how many circumstances there are, under which we are restrained from such use of our property, even where no divine, no natural law, could be offended by it. The grower of wool, or wheat, for instance, has surely a natural right to sell his produce where he pleases; but positive, national law, for very wise reasons, interferes, and forbids this. In fact, the enjoyment of almost every sort of property is, in some measure, regulated by law. Let us not, therefore,

therefore, hesitate to declare, that property in animals shall also be subject to regulations; that no cruelty shall be permitted; and more especially that sort of cruelty, which, like long horse-racing against time, produces many other ill consequences.—Your's, B. A.

ANOTHER LETTER ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Mr. Editor,

A subject on which I wish to excite public notice, is that barbarous and cruel custom, too long practised, and daily seen in our streets, which makes humanity shudder, and, in my opinion, disgraces a civilised nation, and astonishes me it has not been put a stop to years ago, with the severest punishment to any fellow so offending. There is a set of fellows, called *Smithfield drovers*, lost to every sense of feeling whatever, mostly armed with sticks; each stick contains a nail, sometimes a quarter of an inch in length, from which these poor animals are receiving wounds in different parts of the body. I saw a sheep lately slaughtered, that had been pricked in twenty places, which more resembled wounds made by the end of a penknife than any thing else; and I have since had the mortification to see one of these fellows run a poor sheep through the eye with one of these sticks. Judge of the poor animal's agonies! Why there is not an entire stop put to such an inhuman and barbarous custom, I am at a loss to know.—I hope this will meet the eye of one who will do all in his power to prevent such cruelty in future.

An Inhabitant of Smithfield.

AN ENORMOUS FISH.

AT day-break, on the 3d instant, an enormous fish was descried at half cable's length from Penryn quay, steering towards the town, and three boats, under the direction of Captain Dunn, were manned to attack him. The first he inclosed as it were in a pond, formed by a circular curve from head to tail, without doing any injury. A man then courageously cut a hole in the dorsal fin, through which he rove a hooked rope. Upon feeling this the fish attempted to put to sea; but being diverted by some hard blows on his snout, he sheered towards the Falmouth road. A three-inch rope, doubled, was then parbuckled round him, which he instantly snapped. A hawser from the quay was next applied to him, when, after dragging a sloop's anchor, tearing up a moor-stone post on the quay, and staving a boat, he was brought into shoal water, and, it being ebb tide, subdued.—He was afterwards towed round by three boats, and, with the tackle of a sand-barge, and the exertions of twenty men and three horses, drawn upon the slip of Colonel Heame's quay, where he remained a few days, for the amusement of the curious.

He measures thirty-one feet long, nineteen feet round, nine and a half feet high, seven and a half feet mouth, and his weight is supposed to exceed five tons.

Although the general appearance and disposition of this fish approaches more towards the whale than the shark, he is undoubtedly a male of the Squalus Genus, being the Squalus Maximus, the Basking Shark, or Sun-fish, of Pennant. It abounds in the Irish Channel, and on the west coast of Scotland.

It

It is generally seen in pairs; accordingly, the mate of the animal was observed in St. Keverne Bay, the next day, by the Walsingham packet.

MR. PANTON'S STUD.

THE following Brood Mares, Horses, &c. late the property of Thomas Panton, Esq. were sold by auction, at Messrs. Tattersall's, on Monday the 19th of December, 1808.

	gs.
Ralphina's dam, covered by Waxy.—Sold to Mr. Herbert for................	36
Crane, covered by Waxy—Mr. Dening	12
Young Camilla, covered by Orville—Mr. Bacon......	58
Bay Mare, by Worthy, out of Dandelion, covered by Trumpator—Mr. Dening..	39
Ralphina, by Buzzard—Mr. Thornhill	52
Chloris, by Waxy—Sir Frank Standish for Sir Charles Turner	110
Satyr, by Waxy—Mr. Stephenson	68
Bay Colt, (yearling) by Eagle, out of Tim's dam—Mr. Elwes	210
Brother to Satyr (yearling) Mr. Elwes..............	59
Bay Colt, by Whiskey, out of Mandane (yearling)—Sir F. Standish for Sir C. Turner	170
Brown Bay Filly, by Waxy, out of Crane, by Highflyer, (yearling) — Mr. Stephenson	81
Bay Filly, by Whiskey, out of Young Camilla, by Woodpecker (yearling)—Mr. Parry..................	76
Bay Colt, by Whiskey, out of the Bay Worthy Mare (a foal)—Mr. Forth	37
Chesnut Filly, by Dick Andrews, out of Ralphina's dam (a foal)—Mr. Cooper	13
Fie-for-shame, by Worthy, out of Crane, by Highflyer (a foal)—Mr. Bradley....	14

NEWMARKET COURSING MEETING, 1808.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5.

Cheveley Field.

MR. Lovelace's bl. b. Mouse, a. beat Mr. J. Wright's black b. Smart, a.; 1g. and 2 b.

Mr. Hamond's Wood-Nymph p. beat Mr. Wright's Venture p.; 1g.

Mr. Lovelace's Mademoiselle, a. beat Sir P. Blake's Empress, a.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. H. Redhead's Yarico, a. against Mr. Lovelace's Muffin, a.; 1g. and 2 b. Undecided.

Mr. J. Wright's Slut, p. beat Sir P. Blake's Eglantine p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot, a. agst Mr. Wright's Vulcan, a. 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Mr. Wright's Venus, a. beat Mr. Tyssen's Truffle, a.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Lovelace's Mary, a. rec. ft. from Mr. Jenyns's Endive, a.; 1g. and 2 b.

Mr. Moseley's blk. b. p. Blemish, beat Mr. Vachell's (Mr. Jenyns's) blk. b. p. Promise; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Moseley's blk. b. p. Bradamant, beat Mr. Vachell's (Mr. Jenyns's) blue d. p. Perform; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Tyssen's Thunder, a. beat Lord Rivers's Rhino p.; 1g.

Mr. Vachell's blk. b. p. Plover, against Mr. Moseley's blk b. p. Briseis; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Mr. Tharp's (Mr. Wilkinson's) Graceful, p. beat Mr. Page's Kitty, p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Admiral Wilson's Ursula, p. beat Mr. Vachell's (Mr. Upcher's) Pertinax, p.; 1g. and 2 b.

Mr. Vachell's (Mr. Upcher's) Pedilla, p. beat Admiral Wilson's Unique, p.; 1g. and 2 b.

Admiral Wilson's Una, p. beat Mr. G. Wright's Arragon, p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Lovelace's Mushroom, p. beat Mr. Redhead's (Mr. Gurney's) Augusta, p.; 1g. and 1 b.

TUESDAY.

Chippenham Field.

Mr. Lovelace's blk p. Mara, out of Miss, beat Mr. G. Wright's blue p. Atalanta, out of Thisbe; 1g. and 2 b.

Mr. Hamond's Wydford, a. beat Mr. J. Wright's Sting, a.; 1g.

Mr. Lovelace's blk p. Magic, beat Mr. G. Wright's blue p. Antelope; 1g. and 2 b.

Mr. Redhead's p. Leader, beat Mr. Lovelace's p. Mara; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Tyssen's Telescope, against Mr. Hamond's Window, a.; 1g. Undecided.

Sir P. Blake's Ember, p. against Mr. Wright's Vulture, p.; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Sir P. Blake's Euterpe, p. against Mr. Wright's Vulture p.; 1g. and 1b. Undecided.

Mr. Vachell's Pillager, a. rec. ft. from Mr. Hamond's Wormwood, a.; 1g.

Mr. Wright's Vestress, p. rec. ft. from Sir P. Blake's Ember, p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Redhead's Lady, p. beat Sir P. Blake's Erebus, p.; 1 g. and 1 b.

WEDNESDAY.

Stretchworth and Dullingham Fields.

Lord Rivers's Rammer, a. beat Sir P. Blake's Euclida, a.; 1g. and 1 b.

Sir P. Blake's Earnest, a. beat Lord Rivers's Roxmany, a.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Wright's greyhound, rec. ft. from Mr. Mickletbwait's greyhound; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. J. Wright's p. rec. ft. from Mr. Micklethwait's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Lord Rivers's Rutella, a. beat Mr. Lovelace's (Captain Wyatt's) blue b. Jesse, a.; 1g. and 1 b.

Admiral Wilson's p. Una, beat Mr. J. Wright's p. Young Spring; 1g. and 1 b.

Admiral Wilson's Ursula, p. agst Mr. Wright's p. Sally; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Mr. Dover's (Mr. Gurney's) Augusta, p. against Mr. Wenyeve's (Mr. Upcher's) Pedilla, p.; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Mr. Redhead's (Mr. H. Redhead's) Yorick, p. against Mr. Tyssen's Timekeeper, p.; 1g. Undecided.

Admiral Wilson's Unique, p. against Mr. J. Wright's Slut, p.; 1g. and 1b. Undecided.

THURSDAY.

Second Cheveley Field.

Lord Rivers's Russet, against Mr. Lovelace's Mademoiselle; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Mr. Lovelace's Mushroom, beat Lord Rivers's Rhea; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wydford, beat Mr. Upcher's Queen; 1g.

Mr. Wenyeve's (Mr. Upcher's) Quip, against Mr. F. Hamond's Wood-Nymph, p.; 1g. Run in their slips. Undecided.

Mr. Wyatt's Jane, beat Lord Rivers's Rosetta; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Wright's Vestal, a. against Mr. Lovelace's Mouse; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Mr. Redhead's Lively, against Mr. Wright's Venus; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Mr. Tharp's (Mr. Wilkinson's) Graceful, p. beat Mr. Moseley's Briseïs, p.; 1g.

Mr. Wright's Vulcan, beat Mr. Palmer's Pilot; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Hamond's Wormwood, a. beat Mr. B. Stane's Pillager, a.; 1g.

Mr. Corsellis's Castle, a. beat Mr. Lovelace's (Mr. Gurney's) Ajax, a.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Moseley's p. Blemish, agst Mr. Redhead's p. Lucy; 1g. Undecided.

Mr. J. Wright's p. Young Sprite, beat Sir P. Blake's p. Ember; 1g.

Sir P. Blake's p. Epithet, beat Mr. J. Wright's p. Sarah; 1g.

Mr. Lovelace's (Captain Wyatt's) Julia, a. agst Mr. Redhead's (Mr. Gurney's) Ann, a.; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Sir P. Blake's Empress, against Mr. J. Wright's Spite; 1g. Undecided.

Sir P. Blake's p. Eglantine, rec. ft. from Mr. Upcher's p. Quaker; 1g.

FRIDAY.

Babraham Field.

Mr. Tyssen's Telescope, beat Lord Rivers's Rutella; 1g. and 1 b.

Lord Rivers's Russet, against Mr. Hamond's Wydford; 1g. Undecided.

Mr. Wenyeve's (Mr. Upcher's) Quidnunc, against Mr. Lovelace's (Mr. Gurney's) Asdrubal; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Sir P. Blake's (Mr. Gurney's) Augusta, against Mr. Lovelace's Mushroom; 1g. and 1 b. Undecided.

Sir P. Blake's (Mr. Gurney's) Yarico, beat Mr. Lovelace's Muffin; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Upcher's Quick, beat Mr. Moseley's Bradamant, p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Redhead's (Mr. Gurney's) Anne, beat Mr. Hamond's Wormwood; 1g.

Sir P. Blake's Etiam, beat Mr. Stane's Pillager; 1g.

Mr. Lovelace's Mara, beat Mr. G. Wright's Atalanta; 1g. and 2 b.

Mr. Tyssen's Thunder, beat Ld. Rivers's Raven; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. G. Wright's Arragon, beat Mr. Lovelace's Magic; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Vachell's Pomona, beat Mr. Jenyns's Nettle; 1g.

Mr. Tyssen's Truffle, beat Mr. Upcher's Queen; 1g. and 2 b.

Mr. Hamond's Wood-Nymph, beat Mr. Upcher's Quip; 1g.

Mr. Redhead's (Mr. Gurney's) Ajax, beat Lord Rivers's Rammer; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Tyssen's (Mr. Davy's) Thorn, beat Mr. Micklethwait's Jason; 1g.

Mr. Upcher's Quiz, beat Mr. J. Wright's (Mr. Wilkinson's) Serious; 1g.

N. B. Seventeen matches were not run on Tuesday, for want of hares; and six on Wednesday, and six on Thursday, for want of light.

NEWMARKET COURSING MEETING EXTRA, 1809.

Matches made in December, 1808, for December, 1809.

MONDAY.

Cheveley Field.

MR. Redhead's p. against Mr. James's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Redhead's p. against Mr. Lovelace's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Redhead's p. against Mr. Lovelace's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. P. Wright's p. against Mr. Lovelace's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. P. Wright's p. against Mr. Lovelace's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Sir P. Blake's blk d. p. against Mr. Hamond's blue d. p.; 1g.

Mr. Wright's p. against Mr. H. Redhead's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Corsellis's d. p. against Mr. Hamond's p.; 1g.

Mr. Upcher's p. against Mr. Page's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. Upcher's Queen (Brindle) against Mr. Wright's Vis, blk and white.; 1g. and 1 b.

TUESDAY.

Chippenham Field.

Mr. Redhead's p. against Sir P. Blake's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Sir P. Blake's p. against Mr. Upcher's p.; 1g. and 1 b.

Mr. H. Redhead's bl. d. Yorick, against Mr. Wright's blue d. Valiant; 1g. and 1 b.

Sir P. Blake's greyhound, against Mr. P. Wright's greyhound; 1g. and 1 b.

Sir P. Blake's d. against Mr. P. Wright's d.; 1g. and 1b.

Mr. Upcher's p. against Mr. Tharp's p.; 1g. and 4 b.

MEMBERS ELECTED,

At the Newmarket Coursing Meeting, 1808.

K. C. H. Kortwright, Esq. Holands, Chelmsford.

H. Rev. B. Stane, Coopersale, Epping.

N. Rev. Mr. Jenyns, Bottisham Hall.

Q. Mr. Upcher, Thompson, Watson.

Y. Mr. H. Redhead, Thetford.

GAME LAWS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JAN. 24.

Hinckly *v.* the Rev. Mr. Croft.

MR. Wigley moved for a rule to shew cause why a writ of *Certiorari* should not issue to remove a trial in the cause from the sessions at Beverly, for the East Riding of Yorkshire, to the Assizes at York. The circumstances, as stated by Mr. Wigley, were these: The affidavits alledged, that the parties resided in the same neighbourhood; the plaintiff was a gentleman possessing 500l. a-year, and the defendant was a clergyman. On the third of November, the Plaintiff went out for the purpose of having a day's shooting. In the course of his amusement, he was accosted by the defendant, who told him he had no right to shoot on that land, as he was the lord of the manor; and if he did not depart immediately, he would shoot him. The plaintiff quietly went off the ground, and was going towards his carriage, when the defendant followed him, levelled his piece at him, threatening to shoot him, and called him "a rascal and a scoundrel." On the 25th of the same month, he went to the Magistrates

Magistrates of Beverly to lodge his complaint. On his entrance into the room, he found the defendant there; and the Magistrates for some time objected to take the plaintiff's information. At length they took cross-informations. It was also alledged, that the Magistrates called the plaintiff's proceeding "a Newmarket trick." The Learned Counsel contended he was entitled to the rule, as the Magistrates were prejudiced, and therefore the cause ought not to be tried before them. Rule granted.

THE WHIP CLUB.

THIS Club, we understand, will hold their first meeting for the ensuing season, the first Tuesday in April. The declared Members, it is said, are—

Charles Buxton.
The Hon. Martin Hawke.
Sir Henry Vane Tempest.
Lord Hawke.
Humphrey Butler.
Massey Dawson.
William Harrison.
Henry Osbaldeston.
William Spicer.

The passion for driving, and being considered *connoisseurs* in horses and equipage, are inherent to some of these gentlemen. The father of Mr. Massey Dawson was the famous James Massey Dawson, of the house of Massey, in Ireland, and who married Miss Leonard, at that time considered the most beautiful woman in that country. This gentleman, at the age of twenty-one, came into possession of a very large estate, and a considerable sum of ready money, accumulated during his minority; such was his eccentricity and desire for notoriety, that he was not content with possessing more horses and grooms than any other private gentleman in Ireland, but his favourite *costume* was that of a postilion. The jacket of the finest cloth, the seams covered with the richest and broadest gold lace, gold tassels on the sleeves, and *epaulettes* on the shoulders, black velvet cap, bound with gold, gold band, an immense tassel in the centre of the crown, and a superb horsewhip, with which he used very freely to keep off the swinish multitude who followed him wherever he appeared. Having run through his ready money, a wonderful change ensued; having three daughters, he became as anxious to make money as he formerly had been to spend it; and, by the time he had saved for them a considerable property, in his old days, his lady presented him with a son, the present Mr. Dawson. For several years before this gentleman's death, he lived at Castle Dawson, between Dublin and the Black Rock, near that city, which he seldom left but to visit his banker, and deposit the sums he was continually amassing. This fortune, after providing for his daughters, was left to the present Mr. Massey Dawson, who, on coming into possession, behaved in the most liberal, generous, and kind manner, to every person connected with him; and shortly afterwards married a young and amiable lady, by whom he has a numerous family, and who also possessed a considerable fortune.

The before-named gentlemen, declared Members of the Whip Club, are expected to be joined by

Sir John Johnstone.
Mr. Stephen Atkinson.
Captain Agar.

Lord

Lord Clinton.
Major Raymond Pelley.

Charles Buxton, Esq. we understand, is the President, and Sir John Rogers, Secretary.

A Morning Paper that occasionally inserts articles relative to the Whip Club, says—" It is but an act of justice to state, that several of the members, whose conduct was rather indecorous on one or two occasions last season, *have received permission to resign!* We allude to the ungovernable phrenzy which possessed those youths, who fancied, no doubt, they were in the act of directing the Roman chariots in the field of Mars, by their declared hostility to every thing which came in their way."

The Black Dog, Bedfont, we presume, will continue the house of meeting in that quarter, and a better house for every description of traveller, from the Prince to the trader, is not to be found on the western or any other road.

CARRIAGES.

Coaches were first used at the Court of France by Catherine of Medicis. The Presidents and Councillors of France went to Court on mules; horses were only allowed to Knights and military characters. Coaches were not suspended by springs, and the Ladies preferred walking on their legs rather than riding in such fatiguing vehicles. They were made with large doors of leather, which let down, and they had only curtains. If there had been glasses to the carriage of Henry the Fourth, perhaps he would not have been assassinated. That Prince once wrote to M. De Sully, who was in a bad state of health, " I had settled upon going to see you, but I was unable, because my wife took my coach."—Bassompierre, under the reign of Louis XIII. was the first who made a little coach with glasses. During the minority of Lewis XIV. all the Gentlemen of the Court, who were not prevented by bodily infirmity, rode on horseback. They were introduced to the Ladies at assemblies, and sat at a table with their jockey boots and spurs. The number of coaches in Paris in 1658 were estimated at about 320; they have at present, it is said, more than 25,000. Since the introduction of carriages to England we have greatly improved them. If the modern carriages of our Nobility are not so stately and magnificent in appearance as those of the last century, they are neater, lighter, and more convenient for the purposes of travelling, or elegant parade.

CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.

QUALIFIED men are not, perhaps, aware, that they are just as much restricted from pursuing or killing game, at certain times, and under circumstances prohibited by law, as unqualified persons are, at all times and under all circumstances.—A qualified as well as an unqualified man were both convicted lately, (the former in two penalties, and the latter in one) for tracing and coursing hares in the snow, with four greyhounds and two hounds, all loose at once. We trust that the convictions alluded to will prevent a repetition of so unsportsmanlike and destructive a practice.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ONE of the most amusing *gambols* at Christmas, is the sport of visiting the neighbouring families as *Guisards*, accompanied with musicians, as the masque always concludes with a dance. This *pastime* the Duchess of Bedford most happily introduced this year, at Woburn Abbey. A group of about thirty, ladies and gentlemen, after dinner, habited in the disguise of an Hymeneal party, went in carriages to the seat of the Earl of Upper Ossory, and surprised him into a most pleasurable *fete* in his own house. The Duchess figured as an ancient lady, in love with the Noble Earl. The Duke, as a French Cook, came to prepare the wedding supper. Lord Tavistock, as *Hymen*; Mr. Whitbread, in a State Livery; Lord Kinnaird, as a Drunken Footman; and Tom Sheridan, as a *Devil.*

THE late Mr. Panton, of Newmarket, formerly gave a bond for 10,000*l.* to Miss Gubbins, his surviving lady, engaging to marry her on the decease of his then wife, who died some years ago. Mr. P. fulfilled the conditions of the bond, and the Papers say he has left her 1200*l.* a year, the family house, twenty acres of land, and his stud. They add, however, as an instance of *conjugal affection*, that, on his decease, she ordered a coach and hearse to convey his body to the church, but countermanded that order; and it was taken for burial by a few men, who were not in mourning. She then discharged all his servants, and set out for London dressed in white!

TIME of servitude, and age at their deaths, of five servants, who all died in the service of the Blackmore family, at Westwell House, Tenterden, Kent:

	Time.	Age.
Ann Jervis, housekeeper,	40½	70
John Osborne, coachman,	47	77
Sam. Dunnings, gardener,	44	74
Mary George, childmaid,	48	75
John Dunnings, bailiff,	54	83
Average,	48½	76

THE following article appeared in the *York Herald*, the beginning of this month, under the head 'HUNTING.'

"As the late severe weather has entirely put a stop to the joys of the chase, the following account of the operations of some packs, previous to the setting in of the frost, may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to our sporting friends. In the North, the Lambton, Raby, and Sir Mark Sykes's, have each had capital diversion. Mr. Lambton, the Earl of Darlington, and Mr. T. Sykes, are the three leading men with their respective packs. The Boroughbridge country, formerly Colonel Thornton's, now forms a part of the Raby Hunt, and when the covers get up, which have been made at a great expense, there can be no doubt of its becoming a favourite country for port. The superior excellence of a Hambleton fox is well known and, though the blood of *Conqueror* was once held in high esteem, still there is no cause why the extinction of it should be deplored.

"We

"We must next take notice of the Bramhammoor Hunt, belonging to Fox Lane, Esq. These hounds, though, perhaps, somewhat slower, and less dashingly followed than the preceding, are, however, particularly steady; and as their attendants do not ride *for fame*, in the manner of Sir M. Sykes, they have a better opportunity of killing their game. It were much to be wished, that the system of riding to hounds was more seriously studied; instead *of following*, the young men, in these days, think the palm of excellence consists in *going before them*—this can never be called sportsmanlike."

'At pulchrum est digito monstrari & dicier, hic est.'

'Persius.'

Lord Althorp's hounds, on the Saturday after the frost in December, met at the kennel; they drew Nobottle Wood, and then proceeded to Mr. Andrew's cover, at Harleston, where they found a fox. In Althorp park the hounds divided, one half the pack with his Lordship. After a run of half an hour with a fair scent, they killed their fox at Holdenby. Lord Althorp, with his usual good humour and well-known perseverance, wishing to shew the gentlemen present a good afternoon's sport, next proceeded to Duston field cover, where old reynard certainly did not wait to be found, for no sooner had Dick Knight got to the cover than "gone away" was the word. After a chase of two hours and a half, most of it very severe, the evening coming on, his Lordship desired, at a check, the huntsman to stop the hounds: had that not been the case, it was generally thought they would have killed their fox. Owing to the bad weather there were but few gentlemen present, who, however, were animated with the true spirit of the chase, and were amply repaid by the sport which the day afforded them.

Berkeley Hounds.—On Monday, Jan. 3, the Berkeley hounds threw off at Park Wood, and found immediately. The fox breaking cover, went across the common into the copse, and from thence to Bachworth-Heath coverts, turned to the left for Harefield Common, to Springwell House, the seat of ——— Woodford, Esq. there he crossed the Grand Junction Canal, but being hard pressed, was obliged to re-cross at Stokers, the seat of J. Hone, Esq.; here he was headed, and compelled to face the open country, to Moor Park, which he crossed, into the furze, where, being exhausted, he stopped a few minutes; then leaving the furze, re-crossed the park, and passed through the inclosures belonging to Thomas Howard, Esq. into Newlands Wood, at which place the hounds ran into him, after an excellent run of fifty-five minutes and a half, without a check.

The subscribers of this superior pack, eager to find another fox in that neighbourhood, applied to their excellent manager, (the Hon. W. Capel) but he finding the country very deep, and thinking the horsemen might do much damage, ordered the huntsman to Denham Woods, where finding immediately, the game went for the earths, but which reynard finding stopped, he faced the open country for Oak-Mill, to Gerrard-Cross Common, and the furze fields of William Calvert, Esq.; from thence he proceeded through the inclosures to Black Park, but being headed, crossed Fulmer Common, to Stoke, and

and on to the left for Farnham Royal, across the Common, and then turned to the right into Hedgerly coverts, where that unrivalled huntsman, Tom Oldaker, finding the scent getting cold, and it being late in the day, thought it prudent to call off the hounds, after a run much superior to the former, of two hours and eleven minutes duration, without a check of any note.

On Wednesday, the 11th inst. the Berkeley hounds met at Long Coppice, and after drawing some time, unkennelled in Calvert's furze, but the scent being very bad, had no sport: they then drew off to Newman's furze, where they instantly found. The fox soon broke covert, and went off in good style, with a much improved scent, and after a very capital run of two hours and a half, without a check, killed in a small covert at the back of Stoke workhouse. All the horses were completely done up.

The next day they threw off at Cliefden, and found about one o'clock, in Great Sumland's Wood, broke covert, away to Dorney Bottom, through Mr. Waller's gardens, and Long Wood; made a short head to the left, through Dorney Bottom, Kiln Wood, Black Grove, Fulmore Wood, Calvert's Furze, to Alderman Bottom; headed short from Cox's, through Hawk's Wood, leaving Tatling-end turnpike to the right, over the Aylesbury road, leaving the Isle of White to the right, through Denham-Marsh Wood, Mr. Hibbert's furze, and Host's furze, to the left, thro' Hogtrough-field, to Chalfont St. Peter's; from thence he turned to the right, through Bache's furze, and Coney-burrows; crossed the river Coln between the copper-mills and Springwell-place, through the inclosures and Mr. Barnard's coverts, leaving Lockwell great coverts on the left, to Ryslip Coppice, making for Mad-Bess Wood, but headed to the left to Park Wood, through the covert to Ryslip, where, with great difficulty, they stopped the hounds, owing to its getting dark, after an amazing run of three hours and a half, without the least check. The huntsman and his son were all that were up.

The Meynell hunt has changed into a subscription pack, at the head of which are Mr. Henry Vansittart, Mr. Germaine, and Mr. Hugh Smith, son of Ashton Smith, Esq. They have lately formed a junction with the Melton Mowbray's, the first hunt in the world, and have turned out frequently two hundred strong. Mr. Vansittart keeps up a vast establishment in horses and hounds; that gentleman thinks that five or six hundred guineas are but a trifle for a horse of sterling merit. There are two hunts in Bedfordshire; Sir Thos. Mostyn's is now in full cry. Lord Charles Somerset is at the head of the other, with the Hon. Mr. Stratton. These are the chief hunts in the kingdom.

On the Wednesday in the Malton Coursing Meeting (the first week in February), a shooting match is to take place between two of the members, which excites much interest, and on which large sums are depending. It is expected to be very numerously attended.

Croxton Park, Leicestershire.—On Wednesday the 11th instant, a match for 100gs. each (3 miles), was won by the Duke of Rutland's b. m. Snowdrift, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb. (rode by Mr. Germaine), beating Mr. Lloyd's b. Stockton, aged, 12st.—A purse of 20gs. (given by the Duke), for farmers' horses on the

the spot at the time (ridden by the owners), was won by Mr. Rouse's m. beating Mr. Bullivant's h. & 6 others; a good race.

Holkham—The following is an account of the game killed by Mr. Coke and seven other gentlemen. —Oct. 31, 1808, 218 hares, 21 pheasants, 6 partridges, 180 rabbits; total 425.—Nov. 1; total 57. —Nov. 2, 173 hares, 32 pheasants, 25 partridges, 183 rabbits, 1 woodcock, 4 wood-pigeons; total 418. —Nov. 3; total 78.—Nov. 4, 114 hares, 29 pheasants, 12 partridges, 178 rabbits, 6 woodcocks; total 339.—Nov. 5, 1 hare, 32 partridges; total 33.—Nov. 7, 203 hares, 28 pheasants, 19 partridges, 185 rabbits, 4 woodcocks, 6 wood-pigeons; total 445.—Nov. 8, 62 partridges; total 62.—Nov. 9, 4 hares, 2 pheasants, 69 partridges, 4 rabbits, 1 snipe; total 80.—Nov. 10, 147 hares, 27 pheasants, 11 partridges, 123 rabbits, 8 woodcocks; total 316.—Nov. 11, 86 hares, 9 pheasants, 31 partridges, 7 rabbits, 2 wood-pigeons, 2 snipes; total 137.—Nov. 12, 6 hares, 7 pheasants, 78 partridges, 2 rabbits; total 93.—Nov. 14, 84 hares, 34 pheasants, 34 rabbits, 9 woodcocks; total 161.—Nov. 15, 70 hares, 15 pheasants, 9 partridges, 51 rabbits; total 145.—Nov. 17, 25 hares, 10 pheasants, 6 partridges, 36 rabbits, 2 woodcocks; total 79.—Grand Total: 1131 hares, 214 pheasants, 350 partridges, 883 rabbits, 30 woodcocks, 12 wood-pigeons, 3 snipes—2863.

The following extraordinary circumstance occurred during the late snow, in the garden of Mr. Als, Glynde-bourne, Shropshire: who, having found that great depredations had been committed by rabbits, on his cabbages and other vegetables, one evening set up a wire snare in the track by which he thought the little nightly robbers entered his premises, and, on the morning following, to his great surprise, found he had caught a *couple*, a buck and a doe, in the same noose. The female, it appeared on examination, had been caught in the usual manner, by the neck, and the male by having the wire twisted round his body, probably in his endeavour to extricate the doe.

During the present month, Robert Palmer, Samuel Palmer, and John Smith, of Stowmarket, and Henry Woods, of the parish of Helmingham, were convicted before Thomas Methold, clerk, in the penalty of 20l. each, for having used dogs for the purpose of destroying game; and on refusing to pay the said fine, they were committed to the County Bridewell for three months.

Boxing.—The battles between Crib and James Belcher; young Belcher and Farnborough; and Blake and Cropley, will take place on Wednesday, Feb. 1. It will be a grand day for exercise of this description, and Young Belcher and Farnborough will contend first.—Bets are 7 to 4 on Crib, and the same on young Belcher, and even between Cropley and Blake. Crib is in training near Croydon, and Jem Belcher in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Captain Barclay arrived in town from his country seat, on Monday, the 23d instant, and the next day he visited Crib, with other gentlemen of distinction. Belcher, however, is of opinion that he can beat Crib.

A furious battle was fought some time ago, at Hazeley, Hants, for

for a purse of twenty guineas, between a black of some celebrity, whose name is Moss, and a rustic of the name of Groves, the terror of his village. The black is a decent boxer, with plenty of bottom, five feet six inches, and he was opposed to a man of strong muscular powers, six feet two inches in height. The battle was fought in a fifteen-feet ring, but throughout the fight, although there was abundance of resolute rallying, the rustic was not able to plant a hit, and for twenty minutes he received repeated blows in the face, which beat him in twenty-five minutes, when the black was also disabled at hitting. In imitation of the town sports, a bull was baited.

A SHARPLY contested pitched battle was fought, the beginning of this month, at Hangley Hatch, near Hounslow, between Flowers, a man of considerable note in the county of Berks, and Davey, lately a waiter at Marlborough. The contest was a match for 25 guineas, and after fifty-eight rounds, hard fighting, Davey was the victor. The combatants were stout athletic men, but the greatest share of science was on the side of Flowers, but who was unable to stop a right-handed favourite hit of his adversary, which, by constant repetition, won the battle.

A MATCH for 100 guineas was decided on Monday, Jan. 23, at Eaton, Berks, between the above named Flowers, and Rosset, a sawyer, who, for the first time, became a candidate for pugilistic fame. The battle lasted but ten minutes, and was won easily by Flowers.

AN impostor, last month, advertised an exhibition of sparring at Glasgow, where he represented himself to be Pearce, the Game Chicken, from London; but the impostor being detected on his appearance on the stage, he was taken up, and sentenced to be banished for three years from that city. The money taken at the door was confiscated, and ordered to be applied to charitable purposes.

THE following curious circumstance occurred on Thursday, the 19th instant, at Garth-Eaton Meadow, Wilts:—the fall of rain, which froze into ice as it came down, lodged on the wings of the birds, and rendered them incapable of flying, and numbers were caught and taken up alive. In the above field nineteen rooks were taken up alive by one person.

A WOODCOCK was lately shot in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, Cornwall, which was perfectly white; there was not a single coloured feather on it. This beautiful bird, we understand, has been sent as a present to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

A SINGULAR and beautiful variety of the fieldfair species, made its appearance in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, on Christmas eve; it was wounded by a single shot in the wing, and taken alive, but only survived two days. The principal colour of the plumage is *milk white*, speckled here and there with *brown* and *black* spots; particularly on the breast, the colours of which resemble those of the common fieldfair, more than on any other part. The tail is *black* and *white*, with a very slight tinge of the usual *blue* cast. The bill is entirely *yellow*, like that of a blackbird. In size, form, and the chattering note, it so exactly resembles the common fieldfair, that it

it is evidently an accidental and very curious variety. It is in the possession of Benjamin Thompson, Esq. of Redhill Lodge, near Nottingham, and is stuffed for preservation.

The latter end of this month, six wild swans were seen on the river Yare, near Trowser, Norfolk, one of which was shot by a countryman. They are smaller in size than the tame birds of that species, and are supposed to have been driven over here from the northern part of the continent by the severity of the winter.

The following distressing accident happened at Latham House, near Ormskirk:—It being suspected that some poachers were in the nightly habit of frequenting the grounds, two of Mr. Bootle's servants undertook to watch them, and whilst at their post, about three in the morning, they discovered two men employed in killing game. The servants approached with an intention of seizing them, but the poachers immediately levelled their guns, shot one of them, and dangerously wounded the other. The perpetrators of this murder have not yet been discovered.

An information was lately laid against Mr Robinson, of Thrapston, Northamptonshire, for using a gun, on the ground of his not being qualified. At a meeting of the Magistrates at Kettering, on Monday the 17th November, the information was declared *erroneous*, and the *informer charged with the expences.*

A grand pigeon match, for a silver cup and 100 guineas, took place on Finchley Common the beginning of this month, between Mr. King, the keeper, and Mr. Street, an amateur shot. The match was at 15 birds each, released from a trap, at 21 yards distance. Mr. King missed his first and last bird, and Mr. Street missed his two first, and killed the other thirteen. The tie was shot off, and Mr. Street missed his bird, and the keeper bagged his, which won the match.

Another grand pigeon match took place between the above disputants in the same neighbourhood, of twenty-one birds, nineteen of which Mr. Street killed, and beat his antagonist by one. This match was for fifty guineas a side.

Pedestrianism.—On Thursday, the 12th instant, John Russell, a taylor, of Vinehall, in Sussex, started from the Bell Inn at that place, for a bet of ten guineas, to walk to the George, in Rye, and back again to Vinehall, a distance of 25 miles, in four hours and a half, and which he performed six minutes within the given time.—When at Rye, and the task only half performed, Russell seemed so much fatigued that it was thought impossible he could win, and the odds were consequently greatly against him.

On Tuesday, the 24th instant, Mr. John Kite, of Lydd, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to walk blindfolded from that place to New Romney, a distance of nearly four miles, which he performed in less than three hours, after falling several times into the ditches by the road-side.

A pedestrian feat was performed on Sunday the 22d instant, in Shrewsbury, by two butchers, for a wager of one guinea.—The one engaged to *run* a given distance, in less time than the other could *hop* half the way; The wager was won with ease by the former.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONG,

By Richard Norman, Earth-stopper to the late Mr. Meynell.

TUNE—BALLINAMONAORA.

*** The *Quorenden* is commonly called the *Quorn* Hunt.

THIS morning, at work, sowing out of
my hopper,
Troth, who should come up, but *Dick*,
the earth-stopper;
Now, hark ye! says he, I think these
be hounds:
Odds-bobs, they are MEYNELL's!—I hear
his word "Zounds!"
Chorus—With my Ballinamonaora,
The hounds of Quorenden for
me.

If we head him, he'll damn us—a view!
Tally-ho!
Whilst the hounds ring the scent from
the valley below;
All carrying a head, Sir, like pigeons in
flight,
And beating the red-coats almost out of
sight.
The hounds, &c.

From *Bill'sden* they come, and to *Ender-by* go,
Then let us observe who rides over them
now,
And I think, my dear Squire, you may
cease your alarm,
For by gosh there's no rider can do them
much harm.
The hounds, &c.

The first in the burst, see yonder comes
Maynard,
Taking all in his stroke, yet oblig'd to
strain hard;
And next him, on *Marquis*, there's dash-ing *Charles Wyndham*,
At a mortal great stride, leaving hun-dreds behind him.
The lads, &c.

See, funking his soul out, *Sir Feather-stonhaugh*,
Though thin as a thread, and as light as
a straw;
And, screwing behind him, there's *Fish-erbert Dick*,
His horse half done up, looking sharp
for a nick.
The lads, &c.

Next *Dick Knight* and *Smith Asheton* we
spy in the van,
Riding hard as two furies, at catch that
catch can;
"Now *Egmont*," says *Asheton*—"Now
Contract," says Dick;
"By George, these great *Quornites* shall
now see the trick."
The lads, &c.

Look—smack at a yawner rides *Winchil-sea's Peer*,
So sure to be thrown upon *Pyramid's*
ear;
And at the same place jumps *Charles
Smith Lorraine*—
He's off!—No, he's not—he hangs by
the mane.
The lads, &c.

There *Villiers*, *Bligh*, *Forester*, *Cholm'-ley*, and all,
Get shop'd by *Lorraine*, and in they all
fall;
And sweaty *Morant*, that red-headed
bitch,

With

With *Glyn*, *Peyton*, and *Foley*, are left in the ditch.
The lads, &c.

Then see the *Prince Orleans*, who's *a-la-distance*,
(Soon without his d—d head, which is *freedom in France)*
Alas! long before they reach'd *Enderby-hill*,
Monsieur blew his '*orse to von total stand still.*
The lads, &c.

Now, sobbing on *Monarch*, comes jolly *Tom Blower*,
Spurr'd from shoulders to flank, going slower and slower;
" Your sarvant, great French Prince—dead beat—lost a shoe;
Thank God I'm not last—see, see, *par-lez-vous*."
The lads, &c.

Next, half up the hill, stops heavy *De-brew*,
His horse *taking root*, and himself in a stew;
And farther behind still, stops *Whitbread* the brewer,
Who, lost from the first, has made the grand tour.
The lads, &c.

Tom Grosvenor and *Bob* now most des-p'rately flag,
And *Somerset Charles*, on his new staring nag;
Which, tho' he's so done that a toe he can't wag,
Yet of him, to-morrow, Lord Charley will brag.
The lads, &c.

Next vaulting *Tom Grah'm*, on a horse, taking whim,
So plunging and prancing, like the *George* at an inn,
Comes spank thro' a hedge, with a thun-dering crush,
And leaves half his brogues and his shirt on the bush.
The lads, &c.

See next, with a star on, there's '*Bassador Gordon*,
Who wears on his shoulder a fine flam-ing cordon,
And racing against him, behold Master *Stair*—
Why Old Nicky himself never saw such a pair.
The lads, &c.

Then whence these three goose-drivers, all in a row,
Who are leading their nags on the fur-longs below?
'Tis, *Cranberry*, *George*, and *St. Le-Hedg-er* from Grantham,
Who always get dos'd to a *sufficit quan-tum.*
The lads, &c.

Then, far in the rear, observe *Saville*, forlorn,
All legs, laps, and lappets, brisk sobbing on *Roan;*
How he sticks in the mud!—whilst *Rut-land's* great Duke,
With *Brummel the beau*, are in *Sysonby* brook.
The lads, &c.

Next a tickle-heel sportsman, called *Hey-rick the Black*,
We descry in the vale, half a league from the pack;
And farther beyond him, see *Heyrick the White*,
A sportsman by system, who never rides right.
The lads, &c.

Then last in the cluster, see *Wor'ster* and *Muster;*
Now Wor'ster sets Muster, and Muster sets Wor'ster;
Now Muster seems burst, Sir, and Wor's-ter gets first, Sir;
Such fumblers as these are not worth a crust, Sir.
The lads, &c.

But *Bob Lee*, where's he, with wood-fisted *Cox?*
They'll tell you they stopp'd, having view'd the run-fox;
Now with " 'Ware poison—'Ware poi-son"—hear *Conyers Jack*,
Both rating and whooping, to check the staunch pack.
The lads, &c.

(The tune changes to the Duke of York's March)

Now cheering all nature, *Squire Meynell* we spy,
And thrilling each heart with his " Hark to the cry;"

Look

Look how he cap them on, and hear how he screams,
And makes the whole world glow in rapture's extremes.

Chorus.

See, see them all spread,
Lord, what a noble head!
Tally-ho! the hounds in full view, tally-ho!
Now, how the scent they drive,
No horse can with them live;
Hark away! hark away! they to *Enderby* go.

Then as we trudge home, we pass *Master Swaddle*,
Whipping *Pastime* before him, and carrying the saddle;
"Good people," says he, "I'm afraid she will die,
Though I've bled her myself, in her mouth and her thigh."

Now let's to this alehouse, says *Dick*, for a while,
And drink our old master, in a cup of the mild;
And as we sit boosing it over the fire,
Toast happiness, health, and great sport to the Squire.

THE DEBAUCHEE.

AN ANACREONTIC.

Translated from St. Amand.

TO BACCHUS.

BY thy full-branch'd ivy-twine,
By this sparkling glass of wine;
By thy thyrsus so renown'd,
By the healths with which thou'rt crown'd,
By the feasts which thou dost prize,
By thy num'rous victories,
By thy colours, red and white,
By the tavern thy delight,
By the sound thy orgies spread,
By the shine of noses red,
By the table free for all,
By the jovial carnival,
By thy language cabalistic,
By thy cymbal, drum, and his stick,
By the tunes the quart pots strike up,
By thy sighs and broken hiccup,
By thy mystic sect of ranters,
By thy never tamed panthers,
By this sweet, this fresh, and free air,
By thy goat, as chaste as we are,
By thy am'rous Cretan lass,
By the old man on the ass,
By thy rusks, fam'd far and wide,
By thy store of neat's-tongues dried,
By thy incense, Indian smoke,
By the joys thou dost provoke,
By this salt Westphalia gammon,
By the sausage that inflames one,
By the olive's unctuous savour,
By this orange, the wine's flavour,
By this cheese, o'er-run with mites,
By all thy dearest favourites,
To thy games and frolics call us,
Knights of the full bowl instal us,
And, to shew thyself divine,
Never let it want for wine.

EPITAPH ON EVAN RICE,

Huntsman to Sir Thomas Mansel.

YE votaries of Hubert, come,
(Saint Hubert he is styl'd at Rome)
Ye who delight the horn to wind,
Which he to leave you was so kind,
Change all your jolly hunting cries
To lamentations, sobs, and sighs;
For who the loss will not bemoan
Of a keen sportsman, dead and gone,
Or who the tribute of our eyes
May better claim than EVAN RICE?
O'er the hills and through the plain,
With feet not slow, and hopes not vain,
All sorts of game that fly or run
He would pursue with dog and gun.
At break of day, ere Phœbus shin'd,
Swifter than deer, swifter than wind,
Intent on sport, he would be gone;
Nor did he mind the heats of noon;
Unwearied till the want of light
Would force him home to rest at night.
But all must now his death deplore—
He'll call you out to sport no more:
The more unwearied hunter, *Death*,
Who runs down all things that have breath,
Who spares no creature under Heaven,
Alas! hath overtaken Evan.
No more shall you, at noon or morn,
Behold his face, or hear his horn;
He's gone to his perpetual sleep,
While for him ye that knew him weep.
He finish'd decently his course,
Left hound and horn, left dog and horse.
Of characters he bore the best—
Long may his bones in quiet rest!

G. T.

AMBROSE

AMBROSE AND HIS DOG.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

THE clock had struck the midnight hour,
And all the village slept,
Save Julia, list'ning to the show'r—
She, lonely, watch'd and wept.

For, ere the sun peep'd o'er the hill,
To town her Ambrose went;
And sure some unexpected ill
Must his return prevent!

What, though the wood he pass'd beside,
He needed nothing fear,
For honest Dobbin was his guide,
And faithful Tray was there.

The heath was wild! the roads were bad;
'Twas dark and dreary too;
'Twas cold—but he was doubly clad,
And well the way he knew.

Thus, while she ponder'd, clam'rous came,
Poor Tray, with scratch and whine,
The mistress rose, and much to blame
His rudeness did incline.

As gladly she the door unbarr'd,
Her weary man to greet,
The gen'rous dog, with kind regard,
Rush'd fondling round her feet.

He moan'd, he howl'd, he seiz'd her gown,
And drew her gently forth;
She follow'd him across the down,
For she had prov'd his worth.

Beside the road the quarries lay,
Capacious, dark, and deep;
The steed had swerv'd one step astray,
And tumbled down the steep.

There lay poor Ambrose, stunn'd and pale,
Unhurt, his beast stands by;
And thither Tray, with frisking tail,
Attracts his mistress' eye.

Nor would he quit his master's side,
Such sympathy he found—
He lick'd his pallid cheek, and tried
To raise him from the ground.

Heav'n, and her friends, their aid afford
To Julia's tears and vows,
And soon to life and love restor'd
Her much-lamented spouse.

On wintry nights, when beats the storm,
And howling winds prevail,
The children round the brick hearth warm,
Repeat th' affecting tale.

While Tray, outstretch'd, the fire enjoys,
And rests his long white chin
On their soft laps who speak his praise,
And pat his downy skin,

O happy dog! no faithless man,
With prouder gifts endu'd,
Shall ever share with thee, or scan,
The joys of gratitude.

IMPROMPTU.

MY Lord was invited a litter to view,
From a staunch pointer bred, and as handsome as true.
Says my Lord to his friend, who was not over supple,
"I'll be glad if of these you will spare me a couple."—
"Why, my Lord," he replied, "'twould be pleasure to me,
If to this, your request, I could only agree;
'Tis out of my power to spare *two*, I own;
But, my Lord, *for a puppy*, I'll still set you down!"

J. M. L.

FREE IMITATION OF "PERSICOS ODI."

Addressed to the "Enemies to Incivility."

DINNERS of *form*, I vote a *bore*,
Where folks who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together:
Cramm'd close as mack'rel in their places,
They eat with *Chesterfieldian* graces,
Drink healths, and talk, with sapient faces,
About the weather.

Thrice blest who at an *Inn* unbends,
With half a dozen of his friends,
And, while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good humour round him sees,
Chats, lolling backward at his ease,
Or cock's his cross'd-legs, if he please,
Upon the table.

S.